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45	1 9 7	1	1 10 9	3	3 4 7		
50	1 16 11	1	1 19 0	3	3 19 3		
60	3 10 5	1	3 15 5	3	3 19 10		

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1842.

REVIEWS

The Prize Essay on the History and Antiquities of Highgate. By W. S. Gibson. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Next to a good history of London, a good history of its suburbs is desirable; and we include in this term all those adjacent villages, which, however separated in past times by cornfields, meadows, and marshes, must now, despite of the rural claims of a row of poplars, and twenty feet of garden ground to each "cottage," be considered but as forming the outskirts of our giant metropolis. Of these the northern portions present the most interesting features to the antiquary; for there the chief conventional establishments outside the city walls were built; there were the archery grounds for the 'prentices; there, in yet earlier times, were the places of resort for the young scholar, the pleasant green beside that well of old renown, the "fons clericorum," the "Clerkenwell;" and beyond were the country walks for the trader, "long in populous cities pent," and the fields, where gatherings to depose the old sovereign or to welcome the new, for peace, or for war, or for riot, were held, from the time of the lords appellants down to the riots of Eighty.

Still, interesting in an historical point of view are the associations that linger around our northern suburbs, they fall short, by many centuries, of the older memories that cluster about the ancient city; and the comparatively late period at which we find the first mention of its adjacent villages, seems fatal to the Geffry of Monmouth antiquity, which has been claimed for it. In examining into the early history of London we are puzzled by the circumstance, that while "Londinium" was evidently a city of some importance full eighteen centuries ago, we do not find a single record tending to prove that any of the neighbouring villages had an existence, even a name, until a period long subsequent to Roman domination. With the single exception of Islington, the name of which is supposed to be derived from the British tongue, "lshel done," every name of every village mentioned in Domesday Book, is Saxon. Now it seems strange that a city, which certainly was viewed by the Romans as a principal station, should have continued to remain girdled in by her wall in military state for at least five centuries, possibly much longer, while flourishing towns were rising at remote distances, not half so well situated for the purposes of trade. When we cursorily touched on this subject in a former article (No. 723), we remarked that London was a British town at the period of Cæsar's invasion, a fact proved by its Celtic name; and the name of the ancient town, and the original name of the river may, in connexion with the researches of the geologist, throw some light on this subject.

It is quite certain, that within the range of historical record important changes have taken place on the coasts of England. Diodorus Siculus, as is well known, in describing the British trade in tin, expressly says, that the natives brought it in "waggons over the sands, which are dry at low water," to the Isle of Wight; and that tradition, long held, and perhaps still holds, both in Cornwall and Bretagne, that the space between St. Michael's Mount and the Scilly isles was once cultivated land. Now if such important changes have taken place along the southern and western coasts, it is not unreasonable to believe, that like changes may have extended to the eastern; and there we meet with the tradition of the Goodwin Sands having been once united to the coast of Kent; these are at the very mouth of the Thames, and such changes, if not directly, must indirectly

have been felt along the margins of the chief rivers; and Mr. Gibson, who is a geologist as well as an antiquary, tells us that "there is every reason to believe, that for some time after other portions of Great Britain had become colonized by man, the great valley, or basin, of which Highgate forms one of the highest northerly ridges, continued in the condition of an estuary or arm of the sea." To this we agree; but we do not think it quite so certain, as he assumes, that this estuary was dried up and the valley covered with thick woods, ages before the Roman invasion.

The period of the foundation of London is uncertain. Had it been a city of importance Cæsar would have noticed it. But although he crossed the Thames, and must therefore have been nearer to London than to Verulam, we find that he pressed onward, and he mentions no town or city until he arrived at the rude capital of the kingdom of Cassibelanus, which we are expressly told by later writers, subsequently became the site of the municipal Verulamentum. London is first mentioned by Tacitus, by the name of Londinium, and this has been considered by Camden to be the Latinized form of "Lhwn," groves or wood, and "dun," town, or rather place; and as we know an extensive forest nearly encircled London, the derivation at first sight seems likely enough. But we must bear in mind, that savage nations are specific in the designations they assign to their localities; when, therefore, we find both Cæsar and Tacitus remarking that the Britons always placed their towns (if a mere collection of wattled huts, fenced round by huge stakes, deserve the name,) in the midst of woods, it is not likely that they would assign as characteristic of one town that which was common to all towns. Now the word "llyn," although similar in sound to "Lhwn," signifies in British a collection of waters, and several later etymologists are of opinion that "llyn dun," or city of the waters, was the original name. The name of the river, too, tends to corroborate this opinion, for Tam-Isle, in the Celtic, (not Saxon, as Mr. Gibson states,) means a collection of waters,—a phrase which could not apply, had the Thames then, as now, been a broad and flowing river, but very appropriate, as designating a lake, toward the upper part of a frith, or estuary. It may be considered as in some degree corroborative of this speculation, that Ptolemy, the first geographer who described Britain, and who flourished in the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, expressly terms the Thames *Tumessæ Estuarium*.

That the bed of the river, until comparatively a recent period, presented a very different appearance to what it does now, is proved by many historical notices, which have scarcely received the attention which they deserve. On casting an eye over a map of London, the reader will perceive, that were the prominences formed on the one side by the Isle of Dogs, and on the other by Rotherhithe, removed, the Thames would form a large lake, well entitling the city to the name of "the city on the waters." Now it is obvious that the Isle of Dogs is a late alluvial deposit, while the fragments of boats and sea shells, &c. found beneath the soil in Rotherhithe, go far to prove that all that "headland," as we may call it, is a similar, although probably earlier formation. Again, the name of that part of the river between these approaching shores, adds to the probability of this opinion, for it has been termed from time immemorial, "the Pool," a title far more emphatic to the Saxon than to the modern Englishman, for in the ancient language of England pool was lake. Now the river is but a trifle wider in what is now called the Pool, than elsewhere, and the name

must therefore have been given ages since, and ere the waters of the Tam-Isle estuary had subsided to a gently flowing river.

But if "below bridge" the river presented a lake-like appearance, it is doubtful, we think, whether, for some centuries after the arrival of the Romans, it were navigable at all beyond Westminster. That the waters spread over a far wider extent, there is no doubt. Though the ground has been in many instances artificially raised, and naturally, by the accumulations of many centuries, the waters would even now, at spring tides, flow up probably to Pimlico on the one side, and over Battersea fields to Kennington on the other, if the banks were removed. That, at the period of the second invasion of Britain, under Claudius, this part of the country abounded in shallows and wide marshes, is proved by the account given by Dio Cassius of the progress of Aulus Plautius, who, advanced through Kent, defeated Caractacus, and having driven the Britons to the north side of the Thames, prepared to follow them. This the German soldiers, better accustomed to forest and marsh than the Roman legions, attempted; nor does it appear that the river was too deep, or the current too rapid; but the bogs and marshes presented formidable obstacles, and he tells us that the passage was not effected without the loss of many men. The precise spot at which the Roman army crossed, even the diligent inquiries and numerous fancies of Dr. Stukeley himself could not determine; it must, however, have been to the west of the city, since there, near Pancras, stood the camp, and one of the chief Roman roads branched off in that direction.

From this time to the period of early Saxon history, we meet with scarcely a notice of the topography, either of the river or of the adjacent country. But the tradition as to the foundation of Westminster Abbey incidentally bears on the question. A fisherman is summoned by a venerable old man to bring his boat and ferry him over to Thorney Island, which he accordingly does, and then discovers that his passenger was no other than St. Peter himself, who proceeds to consecrate the minster, amid a chorus of angels. While we may smile at the legend, the details are worthy our notice; for from them it appears that, in the sixth century the land on which Westminster Abbey stands was an actual island, at some distance from the main land.

The name assigned by our Saxon forefathers to the high road to Westminster, "the Stronde," also corroborates the opinion that, although the main stream of the river might have been shallow, it still extended much farther on the northern side than we in the present day are accustomed to believe. Indeed, it is difficult to account for the application of such a name, unless the Saxons, on their first arrival, considered the Thames as an arm of the sea, for we do not recollect a similar phrase being applied to the bank of a mere river.

Another proof of the comparatively difficult navigation of the Thames beyond Westminster, may be brought from the circumstance of Sweyn, in 1012, after burning Southwark, proceeding, not up the river towards Kingston, a place of some importance at this period, since it was here the Saxon kings were crowned, but past the western angle of the city wall, and up the river Fleet, as far as King's Cross, where his vessels cast anchor. This fact has much troubled our antiquaries, even those earlier ones who were accustomed to see barges upon that very river; and much ingenuity has been exercised to prove that either the Danish vessels were remarkably small, or that Sweyn went up in boats. The historians who relate this incident, however, afford us no reason to believe that the Danish

pirates relinquished their ordinary ships; and that these were by no means small is proved both by the number of men they contained and by the mass of plunder which they were wont to carry away. The Fleet, in Saxon times, must therefore have been a wide, no less than a rapid river,—as wide, probably, near its junction with the Thames, as the river Lea, for it received along the last mile of its course more than one tributary stream, and among these the Turnmill brook, a rivulet which Mr. Lewis, in a work to which we shall presently advert, has erroneously confounded with the Fleet, but which held its course more to the eastward, along the track indicated even now by Turnmill Street, setting in motion, whence its name, the water-mills belonging both to the nuns of Clerkenwell, and those of their brethren, the warrior monks of St. John of Jerusalem.

But these speculations are leading us too far a-field. Our only duty perhaps was to announce the publication of Mr. Gibson's Essay, which is alike creditable to the writer and to the Institution which offered the premium. It ought to serve as a hint to the Managers of other like Institutions; for, by following the example, our local societies may awaken a local interest in the antiquities of their several neighbourhoods, and thus help to preserve them. But we have not done with Mr. Gibson, though we may as well introduce here—

The History and Topography of the Parish of St. Mary's, Islington. By Samuel Lewis, Jun. 4to. Jackson.

Of all the villages near London, "Iseldone" alone bears a British name. This is conjectured to signify the lower fort, or station; and as there was undoubtedly a Roman camp at Highbury, this name may have been given to that which a few years since was visible in the field beside Barnsbury Park. The first notice of Iseldone is in Domesday Book:—

"In this ancient record the landed property at Islington is thus described:—In *Isendone* (Islington) the canons of St. Paul's have two hides. Land to one plough and a half. There is one plough there, and a half may be made. There are three villanes of one virgate. Pasture for the cattle of the village. This land is and was worth forty shillings. This laid and lies in the demesne of the church of St. Paul. In the same village the canons themselves have two hides of land. There is land there to two ploughs and a half, and they are there now. There are four villanes, who hold this land under the canons; and four bordars, and thirteen cottagers. This land is worth thirty shillings; the same when received; in King Edward's time forty shillings. This laid and lies in the demesne of the church of St. Paul. Gulbert holds of Geoffrey (de Mandeville) half a hide in Isendone. There is land to half a plough, and it is there; and one villane and one bordar. This land is worth twelve shillings; the same when received; in King Edward's time twenty shillings. Grim, a vassal of King Edward's, held this land, and might sell it. Derman holds of the king half a hide in Isendone. There is land to half a plough: there is one villane there. This land is and was worth ten shillings. Algar, a vassal of King Edward's, held this land, and he might sell and give it. Rannulf, brother of Ilger, holds *Tolentone* of the king for two hides. There is land to two ploughs. There is one hide in the demesne, and there is one plough there. The villanes have two ploughs. There are five villanes of half a virgate each; and two bordars of nine acres; and one cottager and one bordar. Pasture for the cattle of the village. Pannage for sixty hogs; and five shillings. This land is worth forty shillings; when received, sixty shillings; in King Edward's time forty shillings. Eduuin, a vassal of King Edward's, held this land, and might sell it."

The extent of the hide of land varied from 100 to 120 acres; the plough-land, or carucate, is supposed to have been the same. Iseldone, therefore, possessed at this period nearly a thousand acres of arable land alone; and how well

cleared the whole of this property was, is evident from there being only a single entry, and that under "Iseldone," the portion adjoining Hornsey, of "pannage for sixty hogs;" this "pannage for hogs" refers to the woodlands:—

"When the woods of a manor are said to have furnished the lord with so many hogs *de pannagio*, it is to be understood of swine fattened with the mast and acorns; and implies, in proportion to their number, that those woods abounded with beech and oak. This was a usual method of stating the quantity of wood upon an estate; which leads us to suppose that the woods were considered as of no other value than to afford pannage for hogs; indeed, a wood that yielded neither acorns nor beech mast is in the survey called *silva infruitosa*. In the Saxon and early Norman times, the wealth of the agriculturist consisted, in no small degree, in his droves of swine; for bacon was the general viand of the people, and even the table of the feudal lord was usually loaded with the favourite joints furnished by the *porcarius*, or swineherd."

The extent of woodlands at this period in the immediate neighbourhood of London would, if carefully calculated, astonish the modern reader;—thus, Edmonton and Enfield each return "pannage for two thousand hogs;" even Westminster, which is designated "the town where the church of St. Peter stands," returns two hundred, while so closely did the forest encroach on the north-west of the city that we find the abbess of Barking holding of the king wood sufficient to pasture fifty swine at "Tyburne." It is not astonishing, therefore, that Highgate, situated in the midst of this forest, and on a steep hill, should be a village of modern times; no mention of it occurring in Domesday book, and the first notice being in the Patent Rolls, among which there is a charter dated 1364, for the repair of "a causeway" between "Hygate et Smythfelde;" and the second, a grant by Bishop Braybrooke, in 1386, of the hermitage and chapel, with the "messuage, garden, and orchard (ortum) to William Forte the hermit."

"Newcourt, in his History of the Diocese, observes, that he considers this William Forte to have been the last hermit of Highgate; and it is probable that such was actually the case, as no subsequent presentation was discovered. * * The hermits of cells not endowed with land are spoken of, in patents of Edward the Third's time, as mere mendicants. It appears that the hermit of Highgate, at all events, was a man of good repute, and worthy life and manners, if he did not actually belong to the sacerdotal order itself; and it has been suggested, that William Forte, the last hermit, was minister of the Chapel, and performed Divine worship therein as the officiating priest. The office of the hermit of Highgate must, at all events, have been of some importance, since it was under the especial appointment of the diocesan. Of a very useful act of one of these hermits, Norden's testimony, which is adopted by Tanner, in his 'Notitia Monastica,' is as follows:—'On the top of the hill, in the said parish of Hornsey, stands a Chapel for the ease of that part of the country (called the Chapel of St. Michael, because dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel) where was anciently an Hermitage, one of the hermits whereof caused to be made the causeway between Highgate and Islington, taking the gravel from the top of the hill, where now is a standing pond of water,'—'a two-handed charity,' says Dr. Fuller, 'providing water on the hill where it was wanting, and cleanliness in the vale, which before, especially in winter, was passed with much molestation.'

It is probable, that, from the time the road was made over Highgate Hill, a hermit was appointed, whose office it was to be ready to aid travellers, and who was also to act as supervisor of the causeway, removing obstructions, and giving timely notice of needful repairs. Such duties frequently devolved on the hermits of the Middle Ages, who, beside the unfeigned road, or at the dangerous ferry, were expected to devote their time, like the monks of St. Bernard, to the succour of the passing stranger.

Making and repairing roads, in those days of toilsome travelling, was indeed worthy to have been added to the seven works of mercy; and we find Richard Clodesley, the great benefactor of Islington parish, in his very characteristic Will, directing that important duty to be performed for his soul's health. This will is dated 1517, and affords a curious picture of the customs and superstitions of the times, among the middle classes of society. The following are a few extracts:—

"I bequeath to the high altar of the same church, for tithes and oblations peradventure by me forgotten or withholden, in discharging of my conscience, 20s. * * Item, I give and bequeath to the common bar of the said parish 20s. Item, I give and bequeath to two poor men of the parish of Islington two gowns, with the name of *Jesus* upon them, every gown price 6s. 8d. Item, I give and bequeath to two poor men of the said parish of Islington two gowns, and the same gowns to have *Maria* upon them, in the honour of our blessed Lady, every gown price 6s. 8d. Item, I will that the said gowns be given to such honest poor persons as shall honestly wear them while they last, and not to sell them or put them to pledge. * * Item, I give and bequeath to the prisoners of Newgate in money 3s. 4d. Item, a load of straw, price 4s. Item, To the prisoners of the King's Bench, 3s. 4d. Item, A load of straw. Item, To the prisoners of the Marshalsea, 3s. 4d. and a load of straw. Item, To the poor men or prisoners of Bedlam, 3s. 4d. and a load of straw. Item, I will that there be a load of straw laid on me in my grave, the price five marks. Item, I give and bequeath to the repaying and amending of the causeway between my house that I now dwell in, and Islington church, 40s. Item, I will that there be incontinently after my decease, as hastily as may be, a thousand masses said for my soul, and that every priest have for his labour 4d. Item, I will that there be done for my soul the day of burying, to poor people five marks in pence. I will that there be bestowed upon the amending the highway between Hygate-hill and the stony bounds beyond Ring Crosse 20s.; and if the said 20s. will not make it sufficient, I will there be bestowed thereon other 20s."

There are many other bequests of a like nature, the intention of which is obvious; but why the load of straw was to be laid on him in his grave, passes our knowledge. After all, neither his charitable bequest, nor the load of straw, could secure peace and quiet to Richard Clodesley; for a writer of the sixteenth century informs us, that—

"In a certaine field neare unto the parish church of Islington, did take place a wondrous commotion in various partes, the earthe swelling, and turninge uppe every side towards the midst of the sayde field, and, by tradycyon of this it is observed, that one Richard De Clodesley lay buried in or near that place, and that his bodie being restless, on the score of some sinne by him peraduenture committed, did shewe or seeme to signifie that religiouse obseruance should there take place, to quiet his departed spirit; whereupon certaine exorcisers, if we may so term them, did at dede of night, nothing lothe, using divers diuine exercises at Tygate light, set at rest the unrulie spirit of the sayde Clodesley, and the earthe did retorne aneare to its pristine shape, neuermore commotion proceeding therfrom to this day, and this I know of a verie certaintie."

Considering the pleasant situation of Islington, and its easy distance from old London, it is surprising that so few of the celebrated men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made it their residence. Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, is said to have resided at Newington Green, and here Henry the Eighth was a frequent visitor. This was probably on his hawking excursions, since he was very anxious to preserve the game about these parts, as the following proclamation shows:—

"A PROCLAMATION that noe person interrupte the King's game of partridge or pheasant.

"Forasmuch as the King's most roiall matre is much desirous to have the games of hare, partridge,

pheasant, honor att his disport and place of W to Highgate, and from thence to be preserved, and recharged and jets of whi be, that they tempt to hunt or kill any aforesaid, and impri sonment his ma" with This pro Henry was sport, and a gene after, put a Queen Is to Islington, jolted, in 1 evenings; building " sometimes seems little sequently But while their resid chants dw Sir John Earl of N probable t as a sort o cause of t Protectora century, crowds wh forth to in the gre Mr. Le piled; even for which has collect various h correspond disinteres Cobham's booth har had attain years since penny tea between classical " shops. Luther, a Author "Woman As epic i uaderville or a caric He throw and has o 'Odyssey indeed they den arithmetic Englan that ' Wo tenth, and edition ! second, b the first copies ca where the law—

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pheasant, and heron, preserved in and about his honor att his palace of Westminster, for his owne disport and pastime; that is to saye, from his said palace of Westminster to St. Gyles in the Fields, and from thence to ISLINGTON, to our Lady of the Oke, to Highgate, to Hornsey Parke, to Hamsted Heath, and from thence to his said palace of Westminster, to be preserved and kept for his own disport, pleasure, and recreac'on; his highnes therefore straightlie chargeth and comandeth all and singuler his subjects, of what estate, degree, or condic'on soev' they be, that they, ne any of them, doe presume or attempt to hunt or to hawk, or in any meanes to take or kill any of the said games, within the precinctes aforesaid, as they tender his favor, and estchue the imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his me' will and pleasure."

This proclamation was issued in 1546, when Henry was physically incapable of enjoying the sport, as he was suffering both from diseased legs, and a general dropsy; and death, just six months after, put an end to his intended hunting, as well as to his intended burnings and hangings.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have been partial to Islington, and hither she was frequently jolted, in her cumbrous "carroch," on summer evenings; for Lord Burghley, previously to his building "princely Theobalds," probably resided sometimes here; and Sir Walter Rawleigh, there seems little doubt, dwelt at the house which subsequently bore the name of "the Old Pied Bull." But while few of the nobility made Islington their residence, still fewer of the London merchants dwelt there, though among the latter was Sir John Spencer, from whose daughter the Earl of Northampton inherite the manor. It is probable that the early importance of Islington as a sort of dairy farm for the metropolis was the cause of this; and thus, from the time of the Protectorate, to the beginning of the present century, Islington divided with Pancras the crowds who, on "some springtide holiday came forth to recreate themselves," as old Stowe says, in the green fields.

Mr. Lewis's volume has been diligently compiled; even of the old places of entertainment, for which the locality was once celebrated, he has collected many curious particulars. The various handbills, and letters by anonymous correspondents, in the *Daily Advertiser*, most disinterestedly praising the beer at "my Lord Cobham's Head," or the morris-dancers in the booth hard by, prove that the science of puffing had attained a tolerable maturity full a hundred years since; and as keen a spirit of rivalry existed between the proprietors of the "threepenny tea booths," as in the present day exists between the respective owners of the more classical "Byron's Head" and "Lyceum" coffee-shops.

Luther, a Poem. By Robert Montgomery, A.M. Author of 'Satan,' 'The Omnipresence,' 'Woman,' 'The Messiah,' &c. &c. Baisler. An epic is no more to Mr. Montgomery than a vaudeville to that prolific dramatist M. Scribe, a caricature to the teeming pencil of H. B. He throws off an "Iliad" "stans pede in uno," and has only to shift his foot to dash you off an "Odyssey" with equal expedition. His are indeed the "numbers without number," and they demonstrate that verses may be past arithmetic without being at all *numerous*. That poetry such as his has a certain currency in England, must be acknowledged, since it appears that 'Woman' has arrived at a fifth, 'Satan' at a tenth, and 'The Omnipresence' at a twenty-first edition! while Luther has already reached a second, before we have been able to read through the first edition. Yet it is very certain that copies cannot have been exported to China, where the importation of opium is prohibited by law—

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta!
Quale sopor.

Too superior to Homer ever to nod himself, Mr. Montgomery possesses in perfection the power of causing mutation in others; and had he flourished in the days when kings and chiefs applied poetry to the uses of the poppy, his would have been a lofty seat amongst the bards. Perhaps we ought to look upon the lay before us as an attempt to revive the soporific energies of British song. The philosopher Chrysippus descended to write rhymes for the nursery, and Mr. Montgomery may well stoop to compose lullabies.

If the work before us was intended to awaken the public mind to the subject of the Reformation, it will prove as successful as the experiment that was made in 1793 to animate the valour of our troops by translations from *Tyrtæus*. The translator (the Montgomery of that day) made the first trial of his strains upon a certain regiment of militia, the colonel of which, having a classical taste, had a lively faith in the efficacy of the proposed charm. The ode was excellent, —it only wanted the fire and the tone of the original. Before the conclusion of the second stanza, it is recorded that the whole battalion, privates, officers, and all, were sound asleep!

"It is well known," says Dugald Stewart, "that there is a particular class of sounds which compose us to sleep. The hum of bees, the murmur of a fountain, the reading of an uninteresting discourse, have this tendency in a remarkable degree. If we examine this class of sounds, we shall find it consists wholly of such as are fitted to withdraw the attention of the mind from its own thoughts, and are at the same time not sufficiently interesting to engage attention to themselves." Poems of the order of 'Satan' and 'Luther' might have been also instanced as illustrations of this principle, if it be not too much praise to put them in the same category with those truly poetic, though slumbrous sounds, the hum of bees and the murmurs of fountains. At the same time we are not so intolerant as to proclaim book dull and barren for no better reason than that to sound its depths or detect its beauties has exceeded our critical ability. Nevertheless, when we have once fairly exercised such understanding as we are gifted with, upon any production of literature, and altogether failed to unriddle its meaning, or even to ascertain that it has any meanings to be unriddled, or any graces to be revealed, we make it a rule to avow the result frankly, even at the risk of exposing our own deficient capacity or vicious taste. Thus the book before us may possibly be a very spirited and noble effort of the muse. The heaviness may be in our eyes, not in its author's brain, and therefore the reader will take our opinions with a *quantum valeat*, and judge and doze for himself.

The author, indeed, appears to have so little reliance on the "force" and the "meaning" of his own effusions, that he modestly confesses his expectation that the power which he terms the "semipartial life" will communicate to them these important qualities. We are far from rashly limiting the power of divine interpositions, but what is weak, obscure, or meaningless in language can no more be made strong, or lucid, or sensible by miracle than two and two could be made equal to five, or a square be constructed with six sides. When the great poet, whose name we venerate too highly to mention in this article, addresses his invocation to the Holy Spirit, he prefers a very different petition; he prays in the beginning of his majestic poem for illumination and support, not at the close of it for "force to array its feebleness," and a "heavenly touch" to inspire it with meaning. Mr. Montgomery forgets that—

Scelum emissum, friget irrevocabile verbum.

Words and sentences must have meaning when they are first uttered or written, or they must remain a jargon for ever. Mr. Montgomery ought to supplicate heaven for the gift of sense *before* he sits down to compose his epics; then, should his orisons be heard, he would be spared not a little shame and not a little righteous chastisement. It is perfectly conceivable that infinite Mercy should interpose to save the sacred name of poet from profanation; but most preposterous to think that, when wilful Folly has had its way, signs and wonders will be wrought to transform dulness into wisdom, fustian into eloquence, or discord into music.

Beyond a doubt, no such prodigy has been worked in our behalf,—we have found nothing in the book but (to avail ourselves of the only good lines out of many thousands)—

Vanity, and voice,
And mere vexation into language thrown.

There has been no disturbance of universal laws. Dull writing has led to painful reading; weakness has excited only compassion; "Nature's darkness" has not been turned to "light divine." We eat opium and we fall asleep.

The reader, however, has a right to call for proofs, and we shall therefore administer a few drops of this "drowsy syrup." Thus opens the "poem":—

For ever, and for ever in the Deep
Of GODHEAD bosom'd, vast and viewless Lord!
Thou wert: but, when in mortal flesh array'd,
Myst'ry and mercy both in Thee combined,—
Eternity in Form of time became
Apparent; then, the covenant of Peace,
Plann'd in the purpose of God's secret will,
At length stood forth, embodied and complete!—
And thou, O Christ! the diapason wert,
Where all the harmonies of Heaven unite
Incessant, far beyond the bourn of Mind
To echo, or the ear of man to drink.

We would fain inquire what is meant by "the harp of Mind," and what kind of harp it is that possesses the property of echoing. It can be no other but the author's own instrument, which we suspect has descended to him from Blackmore, for the 'Luther' is marvellously like an echo of the 'Job.' A little onward, "Calv'ry's pleadings" are said to be "attuned with blood divine," the sun is said to—

Burn like a sacrament of beams.

(which, by-the-bye, is intended for an heroic verse), and then there is the following burst of poetry:—

Not can Mind,
Such wonder claim as that GREAT SCENE demands,
That once on Zion did on God reflect
Back on His glory with rever'd blaze—
HIMSELF!—in full expression there revealed,
When burst thy heart, IMMANUEL! into blood
Atoning:—there, indeed, Devotion's harp
In lyric ecstasies may high resound;
There, on the cross, where Powers of hell empaled,
Earth uncircled, the dooming curse disar'd,
And thoughts that tune eternity with praise,
Rose into life, and with new radiance clad
The Mind of angels by their bright display.

To us this is neither grammar nor sense; but the reader will form his own judgment.

The second part, or "tableau," as the writer calls the compartments of his work, begins in the following intelligible strain:—

God's epic in the poetry of worlds,
The Incarnation hath our system made.

Did we but know what "the poetry of worlds" means, we might hope to discover the import of "God's epic;" but neither do we ever hope to fathom: why even the poetry of Mr. Montgomery, the poetry of a very little world indeed, is beyond the grasp of our finite apprehensions. The following passage is brilliant:—

But, here we lisp the alphabet of grace
And, scarcely that at times pronounce.
Infants of time, we yet have much to learn,
And more to suffer, ere we find resolved
The paradox of wrong the church endures.—
If to our pang the purpose we could link,
Patience might sing, where now vexation sighs,
And hail the Trinity behind our tears,
In wisdom perfect;—but the Vision tarryes yet!

Here is another gem:—

Cross and crown related are:
The one is suffered, as the other shaped
Responsively.

We suppose it is the crown that is "shaped responsively," and truly it is as easy to conceive a crown so shaped as anything else in art or nature. But the sublimity increases as the subject is approached, and the mists gather round the song, until—

The live Scriptures, toned with Godhead, peal

Salvation's tidings.

And the unfortunate Reformer, who was never before so mercilessly handled, is led forth, like another Samson, to "make sport." He is first termed a "colossal mind"; then, to describe his passionate temperament, we are told that—

Temper's flash round principle did flame.

Next he is—

A man, we men, whose attributes his name
Exalt.

After this he is "a plastic God," which, he that hath understanding to understand let him understand. But Luther, although "a plastic God," was still but an erring man, as the following couplet finally assures us:—

Paul felt his thorn, and Peter told a lie,
Genius hath faults, and Luther's none o'erwile.

The great Reformer arrives at Rome, and thus the poet is enabled to make a "sweep of glory" sweep through his being:—

But when indeed her pillar'd streets he trod,
And on the ruins eloquently vast,
Around him in sublime confusion piled,
Gazed with devotion, what a flooding sweep
Of ancient glory through his being swept!

One canto, entitled 'THE MYSTERY', (as, indeed, the entire poem might well have been named) commences as follows:—

Above, beneath, around,—where'er we move
Or live, an atmosphere of mystery floats,
For ever baffling, with its gloom unpeered
The pride of reason's analytic gaze.
E'en like that pillar which, of cloud and fire
Contemper'd, to the pilgrim church bestow'd
A guidance solemn, through untried wilds,—
So, human knowledge, in this world forlorn,
In shade and light alternately prevails,
Too dark for pride, too shining for despair.
And thus, accordant with our state corrupt,
From truth to truth the educated Mind
Through shades of awe is humbly advanced;
But noble ignorance, that knows itself,
Kneels in the shadow of the Mersey-seat,
And prays the heart to piety and love.

Bestowing to, is new English to us; and we know what would be bestowed upon a schoolboy for committing such a sin against the grammar. The pillar "of cloud and fire contemper'd" is equally new theology, for in Exodus there are two pillars mentioned, one of cloud and the other of fire; the pillar elegantly said to be "contemper'd" of both, is a fiction of our poet, and we must protest against his taking such liberties with Holy Scripture.* It appears that there is such a thing as a "reverend ignorance" as well as a "noble ignorance"; but the latter has the advantage, for it "knows itself," whereas the former has so little self-knowledge that it even undertakes the composition of epic poems. In the same canto of 'Mystery' we meet with the following mysterious rhapsody:—

And does not Providence our life invest
With one horizon of perpetual cloud?
But while to man, all paradox and gloom
Creation's sad biography may read,
Darkness itself is Deity at work,—
Concentred Godhead on his plans employ'd,—
The TRINITY, in their tremendous shade,
Acting on earth some vast conception out.

Shortly after this the system of the Church of Rome awakens all the bard's indignation, and thus he vents his pious wrath:—

Oh! fell imposture! priestly fiction comes,
And all its jugglery of cheating lies—
Indulgence vain, and penances most vile,
That keep the sinner from the Saving Cross—
Again renews; the soul with opium drugs,

* In another place we find—

"Nor dip in Jordan, till Damascus fails."

This may possibly be another piece of "reverend ignorance," and we therefore deem it right to inform the poet that Damascus is not a river, but a city. "A master of Israel" ought to know these things, particularly when he is a Master of Oxford too.

Infernal laudanum blinded Conscience drinks,
Till thus, from terror into torpor soothed
Her sunken witness in stagnation dies,
And the torn heart, by self-avowal heald
Back to its smiles of sinful peace returns,
To drink from pleasure draughts of death once more:
Like a mad infant to its mother's breast,
Though pale and poison'd by some murd'rous hand.

We know not what may be the drink of "blinded conscience," but that we are drinking "infernal laudanum" at this moment is beyond all controversy. Here is another black drop from the same phial:—

Man is popish mould,
And false religion must be popish too.
For sin, when loved—for punishment, when fear'd,
For both, elastic Rome her lie prepares;
And hence, while atheistic falsehood oft
In the plain horror of its open lie,
In scaring impotence, may well remain,
THESE, in Thy gospel light severally pure
The love of nature for the life of sin
For eye, O Lord, doth interdict; or moulds
A recipé that 'tween them both can stand,—
A sop for conscience—when it bleeds with dread,
And sin for passion—when that dread is o'er!

"A recipé" and a "sop" are poetic expressions, the—

"Verba lyra motura sonum."

But why do we quarrel with the words, when the sentence itself is (for the truth must be spoken) sheer nonsense?

The friendship of Luther with Melancthon suggests an infinite deal of sentimental nothings, amongst which (raking the rubbish, like Aesop's cock) we have turned up this precious jewel:—

Afections make the vowels of the mind;
And like a consonant, when left alone,
Man without love seems unpronounced and mute.—

What shall be said of the "soft theology of tears"? Is it not pretty? "Each maid cries charming! and each youth, divine!" like the admirers of the carnation in the Dunciad.

Night was never made so hideous as it is in the ensuing description, which those who relish "the soft theology of tears" will nevertheless read with rapture:—

How eloquent is night!—when all the stars
Unseal their eyelids and with loving gaze
This world salute, till our attracted souls
Responsively their looks of love return—
When thoughts, which plunge themselves in Deity,
Or, through the star'd immensity career
Exulting waltz the mind on reckless wing,
Through visioned scenes, immeasurably vast,
And bright with orbs unnumbr'd as unnamed,
Till earthward dropping, on exhausted plume,
Like the awed Psalmist of the night, it feels
A soft religion from the sky descend,
A charm'd humility that preaches thus:
"Say, what is Man, when paragon'd with Worlds?
How mean a speck, how miserably small,—
Minute beyond minuteness to portray,
Creation where he walks, and weeps, and dies!"

As if he had not sufficiently lampooned Satan in a separate poem, Mr. Montgomery blackens him here again in the following abject verses:—

Perpetual motion of the moral vile
He was, and is, and shall for ever be.

The Millennium is actually hunted down in the chapter on "the Destinies of Rome." The "heart of man" is termed "Millennial;" we ask "why," but there is no "wherefore."

Great Rome shall fade
Before the Gospel, in millennial reign
And coronation.

This is some prophecy, in all likelihood, and of course it boots not to inquire at what event it points. Then we are given to understand that Luther had certain feelings on Pisgah heights, where—

Oft he mused, and hailed millennial times.

Still more prettily the songster goes on to sing that—

Not a fruit or flower
That bares its beauty to the prying breeze,
That will not in th' overflowing light and love
Of earth's millennial consummation share.

And finally he asks the following sublime question, which for ourselves we beg to be excused from answering,—

But oh! if matter thus millennial be,
Who can portray unanointed mind?

Not we; for we are deeply ignorant what either
"Unaugurated Mind," or "Millennial Matter"

means. But we have almost read ourselves aside, and perhaps few readers will arrive so far with unclosed eyes. Those who are yet awake will, however, agree with us, that slumber is never more truly the "balm of hurt minds" than when it comes to heal the wounds inflicted upon our taste and judgment by poetry like this.

Here is another night-piece; we believe there are "a thousand and one nights" in the poem, and every one darker and more hideous than its predecessor. The peculiarity of the following "night" is, that it "dawns":—

E'en such a night, as now begins to dawn,
The captive Luther from his watch-tower loved
To witness. * * * * *
The Earth obscured
Lies dimly veill'd, with a marge unreliev'd,
Waiting the lamp that lights her beauties up.—
And yonder comes it!—lo! her queenly brou
O'er the dusk air the punctual moon uplifts.
And, o'er all music, solemn, deep, and slow,
Through the dark chambers of dejected mind
Where all is shapeless, oft to order cites
Thought after thought, successive and serene,—
So her wan lustre, as it mildly steals
O'er the mute landscape,—tree, and bough and bank
Each out of dimness and disorder draws
To shape and aspect; till the dew-drops gleam
Like Nature's diamonds on her night-dress thrown,
In countless sparkles;—but the stars grow pale,
Like mortal graces near 't excessive blaze
Of Thine IMMANUEL;—save in unadzied brows
Of the large planets, eloquently bright
With sheer unconquer'd.

Did we think there was another eye left unvisited by "nature's soft restorer," we should administer a drop more of this potent Morphine. But the nod is universal, and we therefore gladly let fall the pen, and bid farewell—a long farewell—to Satan and all his works.

England in 1841. By Frederick von Raumer. 2 vols. Lee.

This is a sort of supplement to 'England in 1835.' A new edition of that work being required, Von Raumer resolved once again to visit this country, and mark the progress and development of those important questions which had formerly occupied his attention, and the new subjects of interest which had sprung up in the interval:—the result of his observations he embodied in additional chapters, which, detached, form the substantive work before us. Thus we have dissertations on the Canada question, on Municipal Laws, Corn Laws, the Voluntary System, the Silent System, the Oxford Tracts, &c. &c. No doubt the Professor's able exposition will be read with interest in Germany, but here the questions have been canvassed until they are become wearisome and exhausted. We must, therefore, so far as political speculation is concerned, be content with the summary of this able and disinterested witness.

"The country, say many people, has betrayed itself, and will go to ruin, unless it is saved by a miracle. Others say, a government is now established for many years to come; which, heaven be praised, will do exactly the contrary to what the late ministry did. I must contradict both these opinions. Should the new ministry persevere in the ancient Tory notions, the opposition, out of Parliament, will increase in a dangerous manner; the majority of ninety-one will gradually fall off, and the intellectual spirit of the towns, as well as the power of Scotland and Ireland, will drive the English counties out of the field. If, on the contrary, Sir Robert Peel will advance, as he has openly declared, in a considerate manner, he will find, in the new opposition, the best support against partiality and obstinacy in his own friends. The substance of the recent history of England, is the struggle against monopolies and restrictions of every kind. After a long resistance, the victory was obtained over the rotten boroughs, the opponents of Roman Catholic emancipation, the old poor-laws, and municipal laws, the monopoly of the East India Company, and the tea trade to China. Even a majority of the former opponents of all these great measures now acknowledge their necessity, and the advantage resulting from them; and, after this

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acknowledgment, they cannot remain stationary at an arbitrarily chosen spot. There may be disputes on isolated questions, on pounds, shillings, and pence; but, on the whole, and on a great scale, Lord John Russell's proposals of free trade, and a reform of the system of taxation, will inevitably triumph. In them, the entire future welfare of England is concealed, or rather, I should say, is plainly manifest; and when the persons of this Whig ministry, for various reasons, now forsake the battle, their principles, on the other hand, take possession of it, and the apparent defeat will be changed, sooner or later, into a victory for the weal of this country. At all events, England will persevere in its majestic course; all parties, whether they will or not, must contribute to it; and what in many countries forms a dangerous crisis, is here only an element in a popular, natural development. The more cheering this certainly is, the brighter these light sides appear; the darker, on the other hand, are the shadows which (for instance, in the parliamentary elections, the state of Ireland, Chartism, the schools, the religious disputes, and the distribution of taxes) I am by no means disposed to palliate or conceal. That the light may overpower the shade, and the vigour of general health overcome these local defects, is the hope and the trust of all the Englishmen, and, with them, the hope and the trust of Europe."

Another word or two on Continental opinions as to the state and condition of England:—

"England (I hear it constantly repeated) is in a state of revolution. Certainly it is, and a very great and important one, which would not be checked by commissioners assembled at Kopnick and Mayence; and this, because it is not children engaged in childish things, but men who apply all their energies to great objects. And yet, during so many years, not a single person has been arrested for political offences."

"When that which was once young and vigorous becomes old and decays, the feeling of compassion and sorrow is as natural as it is noble; but by preserving corpses as mummies, we do not give them new life. Who can seriously believe that slavery can be re-established, the monopoly of the Asiatic trade restored, the English municipal law abolished, the old poor law revived, the great towns deprived of the elective franchise, and thus going still further back, the *Habeas Corpus* Act, the Bill of Rights, &c. up to *Magna Charta*, be abolished? For all these things were called revolutionary in their time; and so indeed they were, but in the right, good sense of the word. Unreasonable haste is undoubtedly very dangerous; but it arises, for the most part, from mistaken resistance. The ultra Tories are the real fathers and grandfathers of the Radicals; they daily produce them, and increase their numbers; as, on the other hand, ultra Radicals produce high Tories."

Here is a witness in support of an opinion we often expressed in 1836, as to the mismanagement of our Italian Opera. The testimony, however, is of general application:—

"After nothing had been performed, for two whole months, at the King's Theatre, or Opera House, besides two or three operas of Bellini and Donizetti, the playbills announced, yesterday, for one night only, and for the benefit of Madame Puzzi, 'Don Juan.' You may imagine that I did not need such an encomium to witness, at length, the performance of this great work, in the first city, and by the first artists in the world." The performance did not begin till eight o'clock; a whole book might be written about it; but, as I am neither able nor willing to do this, I must pick out of the many remarks that suggest themselves to me, several detached, unconnected reflections. The overture was injudiciously reinforced with cymbals, and yet there was too little light and shade, too little genuine enthusiasm, which should exalt the feelings of the audience at the very outset. The choruses were bad; the dancing wretched; and a genuine Don Juan would easily have thrown the two fellows out of the window, who were to carry him off to the infernal regions. However, you object, you have heard Don Juan; certainly; and, with respect to the text, I heard it twice over, because I understood the prompter, from beginning to end, better than I did some of the singers. But was

it the whole of the admirable and admired Don Juan? So much was left out, that I got quite confused, and lost the thread of the story. Thus, for instance, the scene with the officers of justice, the Hermit and Don Octavio, the creditors, &c. was wanting; a part of the chorus with the girls, and Don Juan's air, were omitted; his song beneath the window was not accompanied pizzicato; Elvira's air, after Handel, as well as her chief recitative and her principal air, were left out; a part of the minuet and Anna's grand air, in the second act; a part of the sublime closing scene, &c. were also omitted. At the end of the first act, Signor Puzzi came forward and played Rode's variations on the horn; after the scene of the invocation of the ghost, the act was concluded, and M. Ivanoff came forward, in a frock coat and pumps, and sung a modern Italian flourish. What can we think of a manager who makes such arrangements? of an audience who can tolerate—nay, approve and admire them?"

A few words on social intercourse are worth quoting:—

"Mere learning does not qualify a man for social intercourse; nay, a preponderance of learning often makes a man awkward and stiff in company. On the other hand, however, mere versatility in conforming to the minor conventional forms of polished life is totally inadequate to enable him to shine permanently in society. This is not to be accomplished without practice; but there is likewise a superficial practice, by which the more important requisites are lost. Sociability is an art; and many persons have no talents whatever for art; a single qualification, or accomplishment, such as singing, reading, reciting, relating anecdotes, &c. may be welcome in company, but does not constitute a good general companion. Nay, by the predominance of some particular talent, that may suffer, which, in greater variety, constitutes the real charm of society. All genuine sociability is dramatic, not epic; he who is silent, or who speaks alone, is for that very reason no good companion; but, on the other hand, society allows, and even requires, principal, as well as secondary characters; where all aim at acting the principal part, or the secondary parts are neglected, the social drama falls to the ground."

A comparison between France and England:—

"When pride shows itself in the English, it is always founded on their history, power, and nationality; and with these trump cards they play off their own merit; but the French act very differently: a great number of Frenchmen place themselves in the centre, and la France is treated almost as *hors d'œuvre*, or a small portion of what is French (the opinions of a day of some journal) is tendered as the whole. By thus neglecting or rejecting so much, which was, however, French, they really speculate à la *baisse*, and lose instead of gaining."

The observations of an enlightened foreigner on the proposed alteration in the law of copyright, however, deserve respectful attention:—

"The endeavours of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd to obtain greater and longer protection for the literary works of authors have hitherto been unsuccessful. He said, 'I wish to prevent an unanswerable violation of the natural rights which every one has to the productions of his mind. For what a man produces with his hand or his mind, belongs to him, and him alone.'—Mr. Warburton replied, 'I do not recognise any such things as natural rights; I recognize only those rights which are founded on convenience and general expediency.' If Mr. Talfourd's principle were adopted, such things as taxes, rent of land, and interest, would not exist. If we look at the plan according to expediency, the interest of the publishers and readers, not merely that of the authors, is to be considered. These relations must be so regulated as to dispel apprehensions of monopolies, high prices, voluntary or compulsory suppression of books, &c.'—'Property,' said Mr. Macaulay, 'is a creature of the law; and a law which creates property, can be defended only on the ground, that it is advantageous to mankind. Thus, for instance, there is only one natural law of inheritance, but innumerable positive laws. The right of publication is a monopoly, consequently, hurtful; if extended beyond thirty years, it is of no value to the author.'—In these discussions, there is much which appears to me to be unconnected

and unintelligible. The distinction, or the relation of right and expediency, of natural and positive laws, is neither logically conceived, nor fully illustrated. Setting aside, however, such profound philosophical or scientific questions, it is hard to conceive why intellectual property, as an injurious monopoly, shall cease at the expiration of thirty years, while every other description of property, with numberless obligations, conditions, divisions, &c. exists in perpetuity. The St. Simonists, in their universal attacks on all inheritance of property, were much more consistent; and a great majority of the public, for whose reading such kind care is taken, would very willingly agree to an eternal right of publication, to the inviolability of intellectual property, on condition that the monopoly upon land and houses should cease every thirty years. The convenience and expediency of such a measure they would easily prove in a similar manner."

Traits of manners peep out in these letters on unexpected occasions; thus, the Professor observes,—"Yesterday I was reminded that it was Sunday, by having stale bread for breakfast."—The few other passages which we have marked for extract, we shall throw together.

"I went by railroad to Blackwall, and then took the steamer to Woolwich to see the Docks and the Arsenal. Everything was in the finest order, and manifold activity; there was a large ship of the line building, and a royal steam-boat, exceeding in size and the power of the machinery all that I have yet seen. If it were to come rushing up to Pekin, I believe that the whole empire and nation of the Centre would run away. Anchor forges, hydraulic presses, steam engines, were in constant motion, so that the direct efforts of human labour appeared quite insignificant, in comparison with these natural forces. This alone is sufficient to account for the abuse which so many persons lavish on the dominion of matter; but does not mind set the matter in motion?—does it not command it? In general, that wisdom is but patchwork, which comprehends only one half, and neglects or misuses the other."

"I went on the 10th to the British Museum. The animals, excepting some gazelles and beautiful birds, found, as usual, no favour in my eyes; but I was riveted with the Greek works of art; even in their state of mutilation, they are the most beautiful, the most sublime, the most diversified, the boldest, the most affecting objects that can be seen. How glorious must they have appeared in Athens and Greece! In their present darkened lustre, there is still more light, mind, and life, than in all produced elsewhere in thousands of years! In the National Gallery, some admirable Francia's and Murillo's have been added to the other fine pictures. In the evening, I went to Covent Garden, to see the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'; but the wives were not merry at heart;—Falstaff without humour, only externally loaded with jokes, and squeaking in an unnatural voice. Much sing-song was introduced, which was encored, and highly applauded. Instead of laughing heartily, I almost fell asleep, and was glad when it was over; the only performer who had the least touch of poetic character, was Mathewes, as Master Slender. My eyes were too weak to recognize the ruins, or the restoration, of the beauty of Madame Vestris."

"We, yesterday morning, hastened to the Great Western Railway, and travelled through the fertile and pleasant valley of the Thames to Stewton, and from that place, on the outside of a stage, to Oxford. We had a view of the city from a distance, with its numerous spires and cupolas, and beautiful meadows, trees, and groups. Rivers and canals make the environs extremely cheerful and inviting; the number and extent of the colleges, foundations, and churches, surpass, in proportion, those of every other city. The energy, the decision, the peculiarity, and the taste of former ages, everywhere excite interest and admiration; so that the smoky and smoke-dried modern cities, destitute of vegetation, and crowded with barnack-like buildings or factories, appear, in comparison, miserable, and disagreeable. The colleges at Oxford would supply all the Universities in Germany with appropriate buildings."

The following flattering testimony to the position and fortunes of England, we have reserved to the last, that the reader may part in good humour with the Professor:—

"I do not know, in the history of the world, a more noble destiny than that to which England is called, which she has already accomplished, or will infallibly accomplish in due time. The great projects of Alexander fell to the ground at his premature death; Rome established her power by the sword alone, and the destruction of other nations, and she perished in the sequel by her own fault, of a long-protracted disease. Mahometanism, in relation to Christianity, was a deplorable retrogression, and the Empire of Napoleon only a meteor of arrogant tyranny. The Papal dominion of the Middle Ages had an eternal value for the education of the human race; but it extended, at that time, only to Europe, and fell into numerous errors. The errors, however, are not the essence; and this essence will survive all the trials of political mountebanks. England is the first empire, which embraces the whole earth, every nation; yet the chief weight and the chief value are not in the extent of its dominion, but in the highest activity, united with progress in the sciences, and the most laudable solicitude for the spread of religion. England is the intellectual eye which turns to every quarter, penetrates through every zone, and prepares an exalted future destiny for the human race. Before this noble, comprehensive, glorious destination, the low and violent disputes of domestic parties lose all their importance, or are but shadows that relieve the higher lights."

Cakes and Ale. By Douglas Jerrold. 2 vols. How & Parsons.

WITH the majority of the tales in this collection we were already familiar, having read most of them in the *New Monthly Magazine*. They make up, however, a more agreeable miscellany than a former series issued by the same author. That Mr. Jerrold always writes, with wit, boxes, and gallery before his eyes, rather than the solitary reader on garden-seat, or in arm-chair, is perhaps inevitable to one whose first literary successes were dramatic: hence a needless clearness in the developement of every incident, an artifice of construction by which the vicissitudes of life are planed, shaped, and modified, so as to present a regular figure approvable by the canon-laws of the stage;—hence, a balance of quip against counter-check, of reply *versus* rejoinder in dialogue, which, though it cannot destroy the cleverness of the tales, throws a formality over their natural grace, which is always chilling, and sometimes repulsive. On another ground Mr. Jerrold's tales stand less chance of popularity, than their intrinsic merits deserve. His wit is too cynical, it is the 'wit blanket' which he has elsewhere so pleasantly described. The reader laughs at his command, and pities at his bidding, but rarely loves at his suggestion. The miser, the usurer, the hardened prodigal, are his favourite figures; he seems to delight in representing all the accidents, sufferings, and disappointments of life. At times, however, his speculations have a mellower flow, and a more genial spirit; and it is then we like him best. Such a fantasy, for instance, is here recorded:—

The Epitaph of Sir Hugh Evans.

"There's pippins and cheese to come!" Such are the hopeful words of an old divine—of one Sir Hugh Evans,—a preacher distinguished in the latter part of the reign of Henry the Fourth, not so much for the ascetic asperity of his speech and bearing, as for a certain household wisdom that ran like threads of gold through his most familiar sentences, enhanced and recommended by a blythe look and a chirping voice; all of which excellent gifts made him the oracle and friend of the yeomen and good wives of Windsor. These inestimable qualities—to say nothing of his miraculous hand at bowls, and his marvellous sagacity as a brewer of sack—had, as we have already inferred, endeared him to his flock:—as living, and preaching, and gossiping in a neighbourhood of love and good fellowship, the parson grew old, his cheek mellowing to the last; when, in the year —, he fell, like an over-ripe plum from the tree, into his grave—all the singing men and maids and little children of mournful Windsor following their teacher to his couch of

earth, and chanting around it the hymn best loved by him when living. In sooth, the funeral of the poor knight was bravely attended. Six stout morrice-men carried the corpse from a cottage, the property of the burley royster Host of the Garter—a pretty rustic nook, near Datchet Meads, whither the worn-out parson had, for six months before his death, retired from the stir and bustle of Windsor,—and where, on a summer evening he might be seen seated in the porch, patiently hearing little John Fenton lisp his Berkshire Latin—the said John being the youngest grandson of old Master Page, and godchild of the grey-headed, big-bellied landlord of the Garter. Poor Sir Hugh had long been afflicted with a vexing asthma; and, though in his gayer times he would still brew sack for younger revellers, telling them rare tales of 'poor dear Sir John and the Prince,' he had, for seven years before his death, eschewed his former sports, and was never known to hear of a match of bowls that he did not shake his head and sigh,—and then, like a stout-hearted Christian as he was, soothed his discomfited spirit with the snatch of an old song, Doctor Caius had, on his death-bed, bequeathed to Sir Hugh an inestimable treasure; nothing less than a prescription—a very charm—to take away a winter cough: for three years had it been to Sir Hugh as the best gift of king Oberon; but, the fourth winter, the amulet cast its virtue, and from year to year the parson grew worse and worse,—when, in the sixtieth year of his age, on a bright May morning, in the arms of his gossip and friend, staid, sober Master Slender, with the Host of the Garter seated (for he was too fat to stand) in an arm-chair at the bedside, and Master Page and Master Ford at the foot, Sir Hugh Evans, knight and priest, passed into death, as into a sweet sound sleep. His wits had wandered somewhat during the night,—for he talked of 'Herm the Hunter,' and 'a boy in white'; and then he tried to chirrup a song,—and Masters Page and Ford smiled sadly in each other's face, as the dying man, chuckling as he caroled, trolled forth—

"Pinch him and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight, and moonshine be out."

As the day advanced, the dying man became more calm; and at length, conscious of his state, he passed away at half-past nine in the morning, with a look of serene happiness,—and 'God be with you!' were the last words that fluttered from his lips. The personal property of the dead parson was shared among his friends and servants. Master Slender inherited his 'Book of Songs and Poesies,' the Host of the Garter, the sword with which Sir Hugh had dared Doctor Caius to mortal combat; and all his wardrobe, consisting of two entire suits and four shirts; somewhat softened the grief of Francis Simple,—son of Simple, former retainer of Master Slender, and for three years body servant of dead Sir Hugh. A sum of two shillings and fourpence, miraculously discovered among the effects of the deceased, was faithfully distributed to the parish poor. There was sadness in Windsor streets as the funeral procession moved slowly towards the church. Old men and women talked of the frolics of Sir Hugh; and though they said he had been in his day something of the merriest for a parson, yet more than one gossip declared it to be her belief that 'worse men had been made bishops.' A long train of friends and old acquaintance followed the body. First, came worthy Master Slender,—chief mourner. He was a bachelor, a little past his prime of life, with a sad and sober brow, and a belly inclining to portliness. The severe censors of Windsor had called him woman-hater, for that in his songs, and sometimes in his speech, he would bear too hardly on the frailties and fickleness of the delicate sex; for which unjust severity older people might, perchance, and they would, have found some small apology. For, in truth, Master Slender was a man of softest heart; and though he studiously avoided the company of women, he was the friend of all the children of Datchet and Windsor. He always carried apples in his pocket for little John Fenton, youngest child of Anne Fenton, formerly Anne Page; and was once found sitting in Windsor Park, under the hunter's oak, with little John upon his knees,—Master Slender crying like a chidden maid. Of this enough. Let it now suffice to say, that Master Slender—for the Host was too heavy to walk—was chief mourner. Then followed Ford and his wife; next Mr. Page and his son William,—poor Mrs. Page being dead two years at Christmas,

from a cold caught with over-dancing, and then obstinately walking through the snow from her old gossip Ford's. Next, in the procession, were Master Fenton and his wife,—and then followed their eight children in couples; then Robin—now a prosperous vintner, once page to Sir John,—with Francis Simple; and then a score of little ones, to whom the poor dead parson would give teaching in reading and writing—and, where he marked an apter wit among his free disciples, something of the Latin accidence. These were all that followed Sir Hugh Evans to his rest—for death had thinned the thick file of his old acquaintance. One was wanting, who would have added weight and dignity to the ceremony—who, had he not some few years before been called to fill the widest grave that was ever dug for flesh, would have cast from his broad and valiant face a lustrous sorrow on the manes of the dead churchman,—who would have wept tears, rich as wine, upon the coffin of his old friend,—for to him, in the convenient greatness of his heart, all men, from the prince of the blood to the nimming knave who stole the 'handle of Ma. Bridget's fan,' were, by turns, friends and good fellows,—who, at the supper at the Garter (for the Host gave a most solemn feast in celebration of the mournful event) would have moralised on death and mortal accidents, and, between his tankards, talked fine philosophy—true divinity; would have caroused to the memory of the dead in the most religious spirit of sack, and have sent round whole flagons of sweet consolation. Alas! this great, this seeming invincible spirit, this mighty wit, with jests all but rich enough to laugh Death from his purpose—to put him civilly aside with a quip, bidding him pass on and strike at leaner bosoms,—he himself, though with 'three fingers on the ribs,' had been hit; and he, who seemed made to live for ever, an embodied principle of fleshly enjoyment—he, the great Sir John—

"He was dead, and nailed in his chest!"

Others, too, passed away with their great dominator, were wanting at the ceremonial. * * Sir Hugh Evans was laid by the side of his old friend and old antagonist, Doctor Caius; and, for many years, there was a story among the good wives of Windsor, that the fairies, once a-year, danced round the grave of Sir Hugh, the turf upon it growing as bright as emeralds; and, in a hawthorn bush, but a few paces from the spot, 'melodious birds' did, at certain seasons, 'sing madrigals.' We have now to speak of the Epitaph of the good Sir Hugh. The tombstone was erected from the private munificence of Master Slender; and the pithy and touching epitaph inscribed upon it, was selected by his happy taste, as combining all the excellencies of an epitaph in the fewest words—these words having the further recommendation of being uttered, on a memorable occasion, by the deceased himself. The words were repeated to Master Slender, by his servant Simple, despatched, on a certain day, by Sir Hugh with a letter touching the wooing of Anne Page. After long pondering, reviewing every circumstance of his ancient friendship with the dead Sir Hugh,—seated, one sunny afternoon, on the bench outside the Garter, the words came jump again into the mind of Slender; and quickly rising and emptying his tankard, he marched like a man resolved to the stone-cutter,—and, for he cared not for Latin—bade the workman cut on the stone (the inscription, considering its age, is in an extraordinary state of preservation) the words that follow:—

HUGH EVANS,
KNIGHT AND PRIESTE,
Dyed att Datchett,
MAY—ANNO DOMI 14—
AGED 68.

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE—TO COME."

"To our mind, there never was a more felicitous epitaph than this of the poor Welsh parson. How simply, yet how beautifully, does it shadow forth the fruitfulness of the future! How delicate, and yet how sufficing, its note of promise!—

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE—TO COME."

"Were we authorized to preach, we feel that we could make a most seemly, yea, a most reverent sermon, from this little text. Pippins! Does not the word, upon a tombstone, conjure up thoughts of Hesperian gardens—of immortal trees, laden with golden fruit; with delicious produce, the growth of a soil where not one useless weed takes root, where no baneful snake rustles among the grass, where no

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his account of Cyrus, which is as meagre as can well be conceived, and his scanty notices of the Assyrian and Babylonian empires.

In a general history of ancient nations, we should naturally expect some notice of their manufactures, commerce and mutual intercourse; for, as Heeren has justly observed, "it is the mutual dependence of nations that gives unity to their common history;" but the progress of commercial intercourse, and its civilizing influences, are scarcely noticed in these volumes. This omission is the more extraordinary since Rotteck declares that his system of arrangement is both Ethnographical and Synchronal; now there is no element so obviously necessary as the external relations of nations, to enable us to combine place and time in one historical category. To the attention which Heeren has bestowed on this point, the great success of his *Manuals* must mainly be attributed. We are not, indeed, satisfied with the author's views respecting the nature of history:—

"History, he tells us, unites all generations by a common chain. It is the continuing *self-consciousness* of mankind and nations. The experience of all ages, and tradition, with all its treasures, belongs to history. The various kinds of knowledge, the ideas, and the inventions of all times and nations, and what the sages thought, and taught in the grey anterior world, are communicated by history to the latest posterity. Now, they can begin where their ancestors left off, and may advance to entirely indeterminate degrees of perfection. If we turn our eyes from this high point of view, from this comprehensiveness of the idea of history, yet it is a fruitful source of knowledge. To history, the *greater* part of human knowledge may justly be ascribed. For the extent of the proper historical sciences is immense, and most of the branches of philosophy obtain from it, materials or facts, elucidating examples, and clear proofs."

Thierry justly observes, "In our age it is a waste of time to write history for the profit of a single idea;" but this is what Rotteck has attempted. He is essentially an analyst; he will have "History" to be "philosophy teaching by experience,"—which it has never done, and which it never can do. History is the basis on which the superstructure of social science is yet to be raised, but it is not that science, because no two periods or events can be precisely similar in their origin, influence and consequence; there are large gaps in the self-consciousness of mankind, and nowhere are they larger than where continuity is most desirable, "the history of the life of the masses." We cannot "begin where our ancestors left off." After a lapse of more than two thousand years, there has been no attempt to resume the commercial projects of Alexander. Rotteck's system therefore appears unsound at its foundation; he would set before us cold abstractions—we want living men; his analysis may bring out facts—we desire that "these dry bones should live;" he shows the existence of nations and events at various periods, but we require in addition, the synthetic power which assigns to each period its true rank, its local colouring, its proper signification, its connexion with the past, and its bearing on the future. In short, instead of history beginning to teach philosophy, we wish to see philosophy become the interpreter of history.

On his own showing, this is a wanton attack; the Mosaic records, save in the account of the Creation and the Deluge, do not belong to general history; they relate a special dispensation to a peculiar people,—and moreover to a people whose system of policy was chiefly directed to keep them separate from surrounding nations. Far be it from us to deny the right of a critic to investigate the nature of the miraculous transactions recorded in the Bible; but criticism is not history, and the mixture of the two in these volumes renders both wearisome. The same system which induces Rotteck to reject all that is miraculous in the biblical annals, has led him to discard all that is romantic in the records of other nations. We may take, as an example,

Characteristics of Painters. By Henry Reeve, Esq. Murray.
If we except some of the later productions of Mrs. Jameson (a bright exception!) our literature is so strikingly poor in works displaying, we do not say a

high critical appreciation of, but even a cultivated taste, in art, that—without assigning to it a place much above that which its author modestly claims,—we cannot help regarding Mr. Reeve's graceful production with especial favour.

Criticism on art pre-supposes many things—an independent conception of the Ideal striven after—this is the highest effort, and the province of the intellect: an estimate of the degree in which the artist has approached this ideal—this is the effort of intelligence, the object of criticism: and, lastly, a perception of the harmony between design and execution, of colouring, chiaroscuro, &c. &c.; which is the object of what is commonly called Taste. To this last Mr. Reeve's *'Characteristics'* attach themselves: they are, in fact, attempts to delineate, in a few poetic lines, that part of the artist's work which is purely subjective. Rejecting criticism altogether, they present a series of abstract pictures, uniting the individualities of each separate master into one harmonized conception; telling us by what choice of subject, and by what treatment, both intellectual and artistic, the painters strove, in forms ever varying, to embody the changeless idea present to each—the idea of Beauty. Some of these poems are graceful, others vigorous, but, as a whole, they are very unequal—some highly finished, others mere ghosts, destitute of either substance or feature. The following appears to us, from the harmonizing softness of its imagery, among the best:—

Correggio.

Our rounded shapes a star of love is glowing
In radiance through transparent shadows flowing;
The world's a light before the sun:—
That light of all the earth, that healing splendour
So white and heavenly, yet so soft and tender:
The woodland Penitent, who musing lay,
Felt the sweet glory melt her sins away;
And holy transport radiates through the gloom
Which thicker'd round the mystery of the tomb,
Or Venus, rainbow-wing'd, with sportive joy,
Shines showers of bliss upon her darling boy,
Where the green depth of Art's enchanting grove
Hides the forsaken shrine of Pagan love.

Here is another of more energy:—

Rubens.

These florid limbs the soul of passion fills,
Strength in desire thro' every muscle thrills;
A world of moving colour round him flies,
Like showers and sunshine in his breezy skies.
The Wind-God and the Sea-God shout aloud,
And urge the tempests on their fins of cloud;
In wild contortions, Frenzy, Guilt, Despair,
Are hurl'd across the battlements of air;
But children all unwatched in summer bower,
Guard luscious fruits, and sport with twisted flowers.

This, again, is one of the ghosts:—

Francesco Francia.

The golden casket and the chisel'd bowl
Were no fit tasks for that religious soul;
For he was of the nobler brotherhood,
Whose colours have the touch of time withstood.
None ever traced so well that finest grief
Which e'en from Angels' bosoms sought relief,
Or better limn'd that pale majestic face,
Whose death-pang was salvation to our race.

These lines on Francia tell us literally nothing except the artist's choice of subjects. As far as "Characteristics" are concerned, they are altogether silent. This is not the only example of a want of substance in Mr. Reeve's sketches. But vagueness is a necessary attribute of such verbal "Graphide," especially when they strive to delineate ideas. We need the assistance of memory—the presence of some actuality before the mind's eye—ere we can realize the dimly defined spiritualities floating before us. For this reason, Mr. Reeve's little book will serve rather "to revive reminiscences" than to give ideas; but it is fitted also, not indeed to form a critical taste, but a taste of sentiment, the first step to that of criticism, and a step which England seems scarcely yet to have attained.

Horse-training. By A. J. Ellis, B.A. Windsor, Oxley.

Mr. Catlin, in his work on the manners and customs of the North American Indians, gave the following account of their method of taming the wild buffalo calves, and wild horses:—

"I have often, in concurrence with a well-known custom of the country, held my hand over the eyes of the calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the

heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam. This is one of the most extraordinary things that I have met with in the habits of this wild country; and, although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have witnessed since I came into the country. During the time that I resided at this post, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, I assisted (in numerous hunts of the buffalo, with the Fur Company's men,) in bringing in, in the above manner, several of these little prisoners, which sometimes follow for five or six miles close to our horses' heels, and even into the Fur Company's fort, and into the stable where our horses were led. In this way, before I left for the head waters of the Missouri, I think we had collected about a dozen."

In the same way, the wild horses are tamed. When the Indian has got him well secured with the lasso, and a pair of hobbles on his feet, "he gradually advances, until he is able to place his hand on the animal's nose and over his eyes, and at length to breathe in its nostrils, when it soon becomes docile and conquered; so that he has little more to do than to remove the hobbles from its feet, and lead or ride it into camp."

Mr. Ellis chanced to read this account when on a visit in Yorkshire, and forthwith resolved to try the experiment. He and his friends were alike incredulous, and sought amusement from the failure, rather than knowledge by the result—but two experiments, all he was able to try, were both successful. Here is the particulars of one of them:—

"Saturday, Feb. 12, 1842.—While the last experiments were being tried on the yearling, W. espied B., a farmer and tenant, with several men, at the distance of some fields, trying, most ineffectually, on the old system, to break-in a horse. W. proposed to go down and show him what effect had been produced on the yearling. When the party arrived at the spot, they found that B. and his men had tied their filly short up to a tree in the corner of a field, one side of which was walled, and the other hedged in. W. now proposed to B., to tame his horse after the new method. B., who was aware of the character of his horse, anxiously warned W. not to approach it, cautioning him especially against the fore feet, asserting that the horse would rear and strike him with the fore feet, as it had 'lamed' his own (B.'s) thigh just before they had come up. W., therefore, proceeded very cautiously. He climbed the wall, and came at the horse through the tree, to the trunk of which he clung for some time, that he might secure a retreat in case of need. Immediately upon his touching the halter, the horse pranced about, and finally pulled away with a dogged and stubborn expression, which seemed to bid W. defiance. Taking advantage of this, W. leaned over as far as he could, clinging all the time to the tree with his right hand, and succeeded in breathing into one nostril, without, however, being able to blind the eyes. From that moment all became easy. W., who is very skilful in the management of a horse, coaxed it, and rubbed its face, and breathed from time to time into the nostrils, while the horse offered no resistance. In about ten minutes, W. declared his conviction that the horse was subdued; and he then unfastened it, and to the great and evident astonishment of B., (who had been trying all the morning in vain to gain a mastery over it), led it quietly away with a loose halter. Stopping in the middle of the field, with no one else near, W. quietly walked up to the horse, placed his arm over one eye and his hand over the other, and breathed into the nostrils. It was pleasing to observe how agreeable this operation appeared to the horse, who put up his nose to receive the 'puff.' In this manner W. led the horse through all the fields to the stable yard, where he examined the fore feet, and then the hind feet of the horse, who offered no resistance—but while W. was examining the hind feet, bent its neck round, and kept nosing W.'s back. He next buckled on a surcingle, and then a saddle, and finally bitted the horse with a rope. During the whole of these operations, the horse did not offer the slightest resistance, nor did it flinch in the least degree."

Two experiments are all Mr. Ellis has had an opportunity of either witnessing, or hearing the results of. But, as he states, these have been to him per-

fectly satisfactory ; and, as he has no opportunity of carrying them on, since he is unacquainted with the treatment of horses, and neither owns any, nor is likely to be thrown in the way of unbroken colts, he has resolved to publish these particulars, that gentlemen, farmers, trainers, and others may at least try so simple a plan, and thus test and determine its value. Mr. Ellis is of opinion, that this is the secret of the celebrated Irish horse-charmers, — and we remember that in more than one recorded instance of their power, they pretended to whisper to the animal, and played with his head, and thus probably, breathed into his nostrils.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Journal of a Tour to Waterloo and Paris in Company with Sir Walter Scott in 1815, by the late John Scott, Esq.—This is a mere outline of the tour, the particulars of which Sir Walter himself recorded in *Paul's Letters*. Had the slight work been published at the time, it might have been read with interest; for though the observations are few and unimportant, the narrative is easy and pleasant, and the subject was spirit-stirring—but now it is stale, flat, and unprofitable. Even with Sir Walter we are so familiar, that he here passes before us but as a shadow. Perhaps the following are the pleasantest trait of character—and the best anecdote.—“In the course of the forenoon, Sir Walter and I separated, for the purpose of saying adieu to our respective acquaintances, and of executing such commissions as might occur. Before long, however, I confess that I found myself gradually approaching to the centre of that most fascinating place of resort, the *Palais Royal*, anxious, no doubt, to have a last look of the shops of the bijoutiers and marchands des modes, which rendered it so attractive to foreigners. While I was busily staring at one of those tempting windows, I perceived my fellow traveller at no great distance, employed exactly in a similar manner; and so attentive, indeed, was our examination of the shops, that we were not aware of our near neighbourhood, until within a few yards of each other. On our meeting, Sir Walter, after a hearty laugh, exclaimed, ‘Well, there’s no use in saying anything about the matter. Your visits don’t seem to have occupied much more time than my own, and here we are, in the very midst of

temptation, like a couple of moths, as we are. The last day in a town like this, is certainly a very dangerous one, without any Palais Royal; what must it be here, then? On comparing notes, however, it did not, I believe, appear that we had been very extravagant; and after selecting a few souvenirs de Paris, we walked along the Passage Vivienne, towards the Boulevards. It was in a tobacconist's in the arcade, if I recollect right, that Scott observed a snuff-box of a pattern then much in fashion—representing the cross-cut of a small tree, in which the veins and knots were carefully imitated. On seeing it, he immediately stopped, saying, 'We must not forget Tom Purdie, by-the-bye—this is the very thing for him.' * * * "You put me in mind of a story which I remember to have heard from old Lord M.—When the women in Scotland go to church, they have a practice of turning up their gown over their head to keep their bonnets dry, and their finery from being spoiled by the rain, of which we have so lavish a supply in the north. Lord M. met one of his acquaintances of this class one chill, showery Sunday, with her gown as usual in this fashion, and said to her 'Why, Jenny, woman, by kilting up your clothes in that way over your head, you expose almost your whole body; it's just like robbing Peter to pay Paul.'—'I daresay it may, my lord,' replied Jenny, 'but then you see, Peter's not could.'"

Song without Rhyme, by a Graduate of one of the Universities.—This is an experimental trip, to discover a new poetic country, where lyric as well as heroic verse is to be free from the fetters of rhyme. It is quite true that rhyme is not essential to the melody of English versification, as the ‘Paradise Lost’ alone is sufficient to demonstrate. It is also undeniable that rhyme is, in all cases, as much a restriction on poetic liberty, as embargoes and duties are upon the freedom of trade. But we doubt if the author of ‘Song without Rhyme’ is correct in his opinion, that, to show the possibility of writing blank verses of various lengths and measures, is tantamount to opening ‘a new walk of poetry.’ The mere possibility

of producing blank lyric verse has been long known; Milton, for example, tried it in the choruses of 'Samson Agonistes,' and tried it with success, for there is in some of them the greatest energy and beauty; but notwithstanding the precedent, no "new walk in poetry" has been opened,—nothing, or scarcely anything, has since been done to emancipate the lyre. The truth is, that Milton succeeded as far as he ventured, simply for the reason that he was Milton. Blank verse is the bow of Ulysses. Even in decasyllables, to speak strictly, the blank verse of Milton stands alone; and to extend its empire over the other regions of song, will demand a genius of the same order. At the same time, the attempts made in the little volume before us have merit, and we quote 'The Dying Swan,' as a not inelegant specimen of the author's 'Song without Rhyme.'

Verdure bright and blooming valley,
Banquet of my roving sense;
Waving reed and whispering willow,
Refuge from the noonday fervor;
Freshness of the wind and water,
Mingling with the breath of summer;
Music of the warbling wildwood,
Into trance my nature lulling—
Fare ye well !

Sweeter than the woodland warbling,
Milder than the summer breezes,
Fairer than the sky reflected
O'er the blue repose of water;
Dearer than the shadowy refuge
Went to welcome me at noonday;
Banquet of my tender bosom;
Constant mate of all my seasons—
Fare thee well.—We never more may wander,
Cleaving proudly the resisting river;
Ne'er may hide us from the flaming day-star,
Basking only in each other's presence;
Ne'er find safety from the storm of winter,
Wing to wing, and bosom join to bosom.
Foes for thee I may no more encounter,
Feeling dearer than my own being;
Feasts with thee participate no longer,
Finding sweetness at thy side grow sweeter.
Forms like mine shall move on yonder current,
Whiles thou seekest mine,—returning never.—
Lo ! before my vision
All creation changes—
Wood and river,
Field and heaven,
Dimly mingle.
Sight and sound forsakes me ;
Breath and being fail me—
Farewell dreams of joy remember'd,
Hours of golden hue departed—
Once I sing and sleep for ever.

Once sing and sleep for ever.

The Maiden of Moscow, by Lady E. S. Wortley.—We are weary of commenting on the railroad facility of this lady: '*The Maiden of Moscow*' has all the faults we have so often indicated, and we recognize fewer redeeming beauties than usual. If the Lady Emmeline would lay her pen aside for a few years, and give *substance* to her fine imagination, by elevating and enlarging her range of thought, she might yet secure for herself an enduring niche in the Temple of Fame; if she will not, she must be content with a corner of our Library Table.

Hints from a School-mistress.—This little book contains some valuable and practical suggestions for the improvement of domestic education.

List of New Books.—Great Western Magazine, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—*Tudor Remembrance* for 1842, being Vol. XXII., 15mo. 2s. swd.—Examples in Algebra, with Key, by Rev. W. Foster, A.M., 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—The Eton Latin Accidence, with the Stress and Quantitation correctly marked, as originally edited by T. W. C. Edwards, M.A., 12mo. 1s. 6d. The Eton Latin Grammar, by T. W. C. Edwards, new edit. revised, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Elements of General Pathology, by the late John Fletcher, M.D., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Sketches of a Youthful Circle, by Mrs. Gilbert, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Barbauld's *Hydropic*, large print, new edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Shakspeare (Library Edition), Vol. II., 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Incidents of Travel in Central America, by J. W. Stephens, 2 vol. nos. 32s. cl.—Mogg's *Picture of London, and Guide to its Sights*, new edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The Annual Register for 1840, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bd.—Blackwood's Standard Novels, Vol. VI., 'The Entail,' by Galt, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Ireland, Its Scenery, Character, &c. by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Vol. II., 8vo. 25s. cl.—The *Herbarts*, by the author of 'Eliphantine,' 3 vol. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bd.—Crecleona, by J. W. Orderson, 1 vol. fe. 6s. cl.—Hart's *Fancy Work Book*, new edit. 49 illustrations. 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Abdel, a Tale, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Life of William of Wykeham, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Reid's *Scottish Stocks and British Funds*, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Stevenson on *Marine Surveying and Hydrometry*, with plates, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 3rd div. Vol. V. (completing the History), 4to. 22. 2s. cl.—*Selections from the Memoirs of Roger McCormick*, No. I., 8vo. 1s. swd.—The *Sea-Pie*, illustrated by A. Crowquill, No. I., 12mo. 8vo. 1s. swd.—The *British Minstrel*, Part I., royal 8vo. 6d. swd.—*Keith's Dr. Signs of the Times*, new edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cl.—*Sermons in Ronde during Lent 1832*, by the Rev. J. H. Gray, 12mo. 6d. cl.—Williams (Rev. J.) on the *Passion*, new edit. fe. 8s. cl.

Hours of Observation.	East.	Correct.	West.
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The **observer**
SIR STRANGE
"A paper
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Meteorological Observations made at the Apartments of the Royal Society, Somerset House, for 42 successive hours, commencing 6 A.M. of the 21st of March, 1842, and ending 11 P.M. of the following day, (Greenwich mean time).

By Mr. J. D. ROBERTON, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society.

Hours of Observa- tion.	Barom. corrected Flint Glass.	Barom. corrected Crown Glass.	Attach. Therm.	Exter. Therm.	Old Standard Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Differ- ence Wet & Dry Barom.	Dew Point.	Rain in Inches.	Wind.	REMARKS.
6 A.M.	29.760	29.752	45.3	39.4	29.800	45.4	0.31	38		NW	Fine—lt. broken clouds—brisk wind.
7. ..	29.781	29.771	45.7	40.0	29.823	45.6	0.26	37		N	Do. ditto ditto.
8. ..	29.814	29.804	47.0	40.7	29.843	45.8	0.28	40		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
9. ..	29.843	29.835	47.8	41.7	29.887	46.3	0.32	39		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
10. ..	29.877	29.867	47.3	42.4	29.920	46.8	0.32	38		NW	Overcast—light rain—high wind.
11. ..	29.906	29.896	47.3	39.3	29.946	47.0	0.02	42	.044	N	Fine—light clouds—brisk wind.
12. ..	29.921	29.911	47.2	41.7	29.958	47.3	0.25	43		N	Cloudy—brisk wind.
1 P.M.	29.936	29.926	47.4	44.3	29.984	48.0	0.35	43	.030	N	Dk. heavy clouds—lt. rain—brisk wind.
2. ..	29.953	29.943	47.7	44.3	29.994	48.4	0.38	43		N	Ditto very slight rain—do.
3. ..	29.971	29.961	47.7	45.0	30.016	48.6	0.40	42		NW	Ditto brisk wind.
4. ..	30.003	29.997	47.3	40.2	30.045	48.6	0.16	41		N	Fine—light showers—brisk wind.
5. ..	30.027	30.017	48.0	43.3	30.065	48.3	0.30	42		NW	Fine—light clouds ditto.
6. ..	30.051	30.041	48.0	42.0	30.093	48.3	0.32	40	.017	N	Do. ditto ditto.
7. ..	30.078	30.068	47.3	42.0	30.124	47.5	0.22	42		N	Cloudy—brisk wind.
8. ..	30.110	30.101	47.7	41.7	30.152	47.5	0.20	42		N	Fine and starlight—brisk wind.
9. ..	30.125	30.117	48.0	40.7	30.176	47.7	0.22	42		N	Fine and moonlight—ditto.
10. ..	30.145	30.135	48.0	40.7	30.186	47.9	0.20	42		N	Cldy.—brisk wind—few stars visible.
11. ..	30.152	30.144	48.3	40.3	30.196	47.9	0.20	43		N	Fine & moonlight—halo round moon
12. ..	30.157	30.147	47.6	39.4	30.200	47.4	0.11	44		N	Cloudy—light wind. [ditto.
1 A.M.	30.167	30.157	47.6	38.8	30.202	47.2	0.10	42		N	Fine and starlight—light wind.
2. ..	30.159	30.151	47.0	38.3	30.194	46.7	0.11	42		N	Cloudy—light wind.
3. ..	30.155	30.145	47.0	38.0	30.188	46.6	0.19	41		N	Overcast—light wind.
4. ..	30.145	30.135	47.0	37.5	30.182	46.4	0.17	41		N	Ditto ditto.
5. ..	30.143	30.133	47.0	37.2	30.178	46.5	0.22	40		NW	Cloudy ditto.
6. ..	30.141	30.133	46.8	36.7	30.176	46.3	0.14	40		NW	Clouds broken—light wind.
7. ..	30.133	30.123	46.8	36.8	30.176	46.2	0.14	34		NW	Ditto ditto.
8. ..	30.122	30.112	46.6	37.7	30.166	46.3	0.27	35		NW	Ditto ditto.
9. ..	30.113	30.103	47.0	39.5	30.156	46.6	0.35	36		NW	Fine—light clouds and wind.
10. ..	30.095	30.087	47.3	41.8	30.142	47.2	0.48	35		NW	Cloudy—light brisk wind.
11. ..	30.077	30.067	48.0	42.6	30.122	47.8	0.53	36		N	Do. ditto ditto.
12. ..	30.051	30.043	48.6	43.3	30.101	48.7	0.55	37		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
1 P.M.	30.032	30.022	48.3	43.5	30.079	48.8	0.62	35		NW	Fine—light clouds—lt. brisk wind.
2. ..	30.007	29.999	48.0	44.7	30.051	48.7	0.67	39		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
3. ..	29.985	29.977	47.8	44.7	30.033	48.7	0.65	38		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
4. ..	29.962	29.952	47.7	44.0	30.018	48.6	0.62	39		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
5. ..	29.952	29.942	47.6	43.5	29.996	48.2	0.57	39		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
6. ..	29.945	29.937	47.8	42.8	29.994	48.3	0.52	40		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
7. ..	29.951	29.941	48.7	42.0	29.994	48.5	0.40	43		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
8. ..	29.940	29.930	49.0	41.8	29.986	48.5	0.39	42		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
9. ..	29.934	29.924	49.2	41.6	29.978	48.8	0.32	30		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
10. ..	29.932	29.922	49.4	40.8	29.976	48.8	0.16	42		NW	Do. ditto ditto.
11. ..	29.930	29.920	49.0	39.3	29.976	48.7	0.19	41		NW	Do. ditto light rain and wind.

The observations of the Barometer (Flint and Crown Glass) are severally corrected for temperature, as also for capillarity

STRAWBERRY HILL—HORACE WALPOLE.

A paper Fabric, and an assemblage of curious trifles, made by an insignificant Man." Such is the general description, beyond doubt more over-modest than sincere, given by Horace Walpole himself of Strawberry Hill and its creator. He knew too well the powers of ridicule not to dread them,—the secret of many a great satirist's extreme sensitiveness to satire; he was too contemptuous towards ineptitude, not to pretend a scorn for even his own volatile but spiritual pursuits. Thus he cultivated his lighter tastes with the credit of thinking them scarce worth his culture. Yet it must have been solid papier-mâché that has now stood almost a hundred years; and many a less permanent mansion have professed architects since raised out of brick. Strawberry House is built, however, of lath, plaster, and wood. For a man so limited in fortune, so anxious to form a Collection, and to deposit it at once, perhaps these materials were fitting enough: had he resolved on better, the first "trifle" he must have bought, would have been Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp." His fabric, such as it is, arose on no preconcerted architectural plan; but rather, like a stalactite grotto, the gothic of chance, enlarged itself by successive incrustations, while his means and his artistic treasures augmented. The original nucleus was a "small tenement" which the Earl of Bradford's coachman built in 1698, and which the common people nicknamed *Chopp'd-straw Hall*, from a suspicion that this substitute for oots had enabled him to furnish forth his own crib by defrauding that of his lord's horses.† But the real defect of what Walpole entitles now a "capricious

house," now a "castle," is not its texture, nor its caducity; Michaelangelo's Cupola was a magnificent and noble thing even when a miniature clay model, put together in a fortnight, for twenty-five crowns: were Strawberry walls constructed with rock-diamonds, and its roof slated with sapphires, it would be no jewel of architecture. Its style much resembles that which connoisseurs denominate "carpenters' Gothic," though few persons who call themselves architects understand to this day or practise any other. Little of the Gothic now going (would it were gone!) is better, some is far worse than Walpole's, and deserves the name Confectioners' Gothic, if it deserve a name at all. Throughout the earlier half of last century, neither amateur nor professor knew even their own want of knowledge in Gothic. Examine Westminster-Abbey Towers, and Christchurch Gate-Tower at Oxford, by Sir Christopher Wren himself: what a conjunction of false principles, what a jumble of heterogeneous details, do they exhibit, however picturesque and impressive we may allow them? But there was this difference between Wren and Walpole, that while the prejudiced artist remained impenetrable to the beauties of Gothic, and endeavoured to prove them deformities, the wider-minded amateur discerned, and appreciated, and did rational battle for them. It is chiefly to Walpole's taste, example, and influence, that Gothic owes its resurrection; and we should be less ungrateful in taunting the Marquis of Worcester with his steam-kettle than Walpole with his aeriform castle, as the cannon-breach that "made a great crack" was much less an avatar of Watt's engine than the "paper fabric" of Barry's New Parliament House. Whether should Strawberry, or Soane's Museum—this too being by our greatest modern architect—bear away the palm of superior insignificance? While that mass of littlenesses, Buckingham Palace (George the Fourth's Folly) remains—while hundreds of preposterous parish churches, not Gothic but *Vandal*, are rising around us—let no one say Walpole's fantastic residence monopolizes all the frivilities of architecture, or all its improprieties. Yet, from his various expressions, it is plain he was neither so presumptuous nor so ignorant as to deem his Castle critically impregnable, albeit our architects conceal every little fritter and filigree chapel they stick up, a combination of infinite wisdom and knowledge, like Solomon's Temple. Of one visitor he says,—"If Mr. Matthews was entertained, I am glad. But Mr. Wyatt has made him too correct a Goth not to have seen all the imperfections and bad execution of my attempts; for neither Mr. Bentley, nor any workman, had studied the science, and I was too desultory and impatient to consider that I should please myself more by allowing time, than by hurrying my plans into execution before they were ripe. My house therefore is but a sketch for beginners; yours is finished by a great master—and if Mr. Matthews liked mine, it was *en virtuose* who loves the dawning of an art, or the glimmerings of its restoration." These last words perfectly describe the merits and deficiencies of Walpolean architecture, its claims on our gratitude and forgiveness. It is remarkable too that he did not, restorer-like, mistake his dawning for full day, yet prophesied, like old Latimer, with the confidence of truth, that his glimmerings would "kindle such a fire in England as should never be extinguished." He made progress himself; the Gallery and the Round Tower, his latest additions, are his best. To his earlier times we must attribute his mania for grotesquing pure Gothic, by misappropriating his awkward plagiarisms "from Standards in Cathedrals and Chapel Tombs" to *chimney-pieces*, &c. No doubt at this period he was proudest of his Castle, though he always appears to peck at it, like a weathercock which always turns its beak upon what sways it most. So much for the paper fabric itself.

We are not about to cry up Horace Walpole as one of the Nine British Worthies, nor give him an entire constellation to himself in the intellectual hemisphere, by way of representing all his brilliant qualities; but we would correct, if possible, the very erroneous popular impression of his having been a mere tasteless superficialist, and literary *petit-maitre*. He was far from an "insignificant Man," much farther than almost any one who calls him so. The gorgie rises with disgust, or the midriff explodes with laughter, to hear and read the supercilious opinions passed upon him by persons who, comparatively, are beasts of burden to an Arabian courser, droning beetles to a bird of Paradise. Walpole the scorn of this age forsooth!—this, the shallowest, noisiest, frothiest, most headlong Rapid in the River of Time!—Horace Walpole, whose wit was volatilized wisdom, his satire the quintessence of good sense, he whose thoughts have always enough of the diamond about them to bear the utmost polish and the finest setting in words—however sparkling are solid too, and durable—the *felicissima curiositas* of our English Horace sneered at by an age all whose wit is pertness and satire personality, and whose brightest thoughts are as broken ice, cold and of but a moment's glitter. He pronounced small-minded by an age whose only herculean power is to put forth trash, and only large-mindedness to swallow it! Had those who deny him power but touched the electric eel, how he would have paralyzed them! We should like to see how wide they would stare at him on awaking from the shock, and how they would rub their elbows after it! They would be numb all over, as well as in the skulls, we promise them. Yet surely he is appreciated by such among us who are above the age? Those persons alone, we remark, who make the age, giving it their common superficial character, affect to despise him. Those in particular disparage him as an author and a compiler of trivial works, who pilfer him of all their own valuables: they would rob him first of his collected literary treasures, and then of his good name. But which among his predators and detractors will be heard of, like him, after the last dust has sounded on their coffins? Which will have names to be robbed of then, except what the plating offer? At least, which will live like him half a century after death, and promise moreover to live half an eternity! Why, they are recognizable even now but as gnats, or the swarm, being each by

* At the end of his life a facetious friend observed, that he had outlived three sets of his own battlements."

† All the old leases designate the ground *Strawberry-hill*: it is probable strawberry banks or gardens had once existed there, and near other great towns, as they do still near Dublin, for the recreation and refection of the citizens.

itself scarce visible. Let them originate a new style of Romance, and then raze out the fame and sow the foundations of Otranto with salt if they please. He who did introduce such a thing was the very man to restore Otranto its credit:—"This romance has been justly considered not only as the original and model of a peculiar species of composition, attempted and successfully executed by a man of great genius, but as one of the standard works of our lighter literature" (Scott's 'Lives of the Novelists'). Who is there to compile another 'Anecdotes of Painting,' so pleasant, so piquant, so tasteful for its time, so instructive for every time? Or a 'Royal and Noble Authors,' that shall be readable with profit, readable at all? Nay, who will contribute a few 'Historic Doubts' as corrective of exaggerated prejudices, if not subverting their grounds altogether, as those on 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third'? No deprecator of Walpole, we dare swear. Byron went too far, perhaps, when he said—"He is the father of the first Romance and the last Tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may;" but his 'Mysterious Mother' we should venture to call the best tragedy ever written by any one who was not a poet, and should rank Walpole, if not among great men, among the greatest of lesser men, as his father was among the least of great. He was more than a great man in miniature, for he possessed almost all the other powers of such a character on a reduced and refined scale, with its ethereality in full degree, that purer element of genius which his Letters exhibit most condensed, and his whole life evinces. Let us add some traits regarding as well his moral as his intellectual claims; though neither a legislator nor philanthropist by pretension, he yet saw what professed legislators did not see, that the American Stamp Act was impolitic no less than iniquitous, and he would have saved Byng from judicial murder which many who passed for benevolent assisted to perpetrate, while he stood forth to denounce the Slave Trade as a public crime long ere its abolition had been thought possible, needful, or even advisable. Hear the personage called heartless and selfish:—"We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company. We, the British Senate, that Temple of Liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have been this fortnight considering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six and forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone! It chills one's blood—I would not have to say I voted for it, for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain; and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering the poor creatures for the good of their souls."—(Letter, Feb. 25, 1750.)

His noble offer, on two several occasions, of half his fortune to his friend Conway will be more frequently praised than imitated; his ever-memorable letter to Madame du Deffand, pressing her acceptance from him of the pension a monarch withdrew, is a document such as seldom enriches the annals of biography. Walpole's love for his mother was only less sentimental than Cowper's for his; that for his father does his heart honour, because even filial affection may become chilled by the indifference of a parent, and scarce ever remains so fervid as Walpole's under this damper. Regarding the much-mistaken affair of Chatterton, our prejudices take part with the ill-starred poet, but we fear Justice, Truth, and Reason, are all on the side of Walpole.

It is quite impossible for us to give, this week, any thing beyond a very general and brief character of the collection at Strawberry Hill. Amidst such countless gems of Art, one looks about with confused and dazzled admiration, like Sindbad in the Valley of Diamonds. Circumspection loses its English sense and re-assumes its Latin: and, though indispensable to sound criticism, it will not attend under any subpoena. This most sequestered of road-side mansions has long been all but hermetically sealed; even the German travellers, Waagen, Passavant, &c., who of late visited England, and entered, as if by petard, almost every stronghold of aristocratical power and pride, found the little paper fabric impenetrable.

Besides, the so-called private view was crowded like a public one; the whole fashionable world seemed to be mobilized, sent in masses from London *en échelon* to occupy the Castle. How could we see through such a forest of heads, or hold any converse with ourselves, disturbed as it must have been by the most unconscious voices, neither small nor still, around us? We prefer making our best attempt hereafter to give a critical account, for our ambition is less to communicate novelty than true knowledge. We shall now only say that this collection might well be called the most remarkable of its kind ever formed by individual resources so limited. Walpole purchased his domain from Mrs. Chenevix, the toy-woman, and at first sight the genius of the toy-shop appears to have resided in the Castle, as well as the cottage, its predecessor. But, upon looking closer, the observant visitor finds it pervaded by a large spirit of arrangement, finds himself surrounded with systematic cycles, and in the midst of a comprehensive systematic cycle which embraces them all.* This is what distinguishes Walpole far above most collectors; especially those of his own age, and more especially those who, like him, were unable from moderate means to gather up aught beyond "an assemblage of curious trifles." His curious trifles are rendered by their judicious inter-connexions and subordinations, by their historical and artistic bearings, allusions, and illustrative nature, equivalent to things of magnitude and moment. Triflingness in domiciliary matters was the taste of the times, the yet unextinct taste of our French period, imbibed under the Restoration, and continued long after the Revolution, after the Hanoverian succession itself. Look across the Twickenham road from Strawberry Castle, and behold Pope's villa! Who thinks little of its spiritual possessor on account of his toy-shop grotto? his vaunted "camera obscura, finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and the ceiling a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster), is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place." (Letter to Blount.) How much superior was the Walpolean Chapel to the poet's Temple of shells "in the rustic manner;" how much the long gothic Gallery with its fan-traced ceiling to the unnatural natrality of a cave "in-crusted about with marbles, spars, gems, ores, and minerals!" Could anything smack of the *petit-maitre* more than those "mineral roofs" and "pointed crystals," which we are called upon by their immortalizer to smile at, not in derision, but admiration? Yet we love, and almost revere his Grotto as a sainted hermit's cell, making all due allowance for the artificial spirit of the age. Walpole was his contemporary, though born somewhat later than he, but his taste was a century beyond his, and above it. Indeed we doubt, whether any man in England, now, when familiar knowledge of the continent has, to speak by comparison, enlarged and elevated the public taste, could even now form a Collection with such fine discrimination and philosophic feeling as that of Strawberry Hill. Those few remarks, general, but we hope not vague, must conclude our introduction to the examen which we propose entering on next week.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

LETTERS from Ireland announce the death of the Rev. Cæsar Otway, one of the few authors whose provincial reputation has been sanctioned by the approbation of the general public. "He was descended," says our correspondent, "from an English family, which settled in Ireland on a grant of forfeited estates, and had therefore been long accustomed to regard itself as a part of garrison in a hostile country. Mr. Otway could not escape from the passions and the prejudices with which most descendants of the Cromwellian settlers are imbued; but his heart went far to correct the errors of his head, and throughout life he manifested a warm sympathy in the social and moral condition of the Irish peasantry, contributing all in his power to every scheme for their improvement. It was his misfortune to be early involved in controversy, both as a theologian and a politician. The Catholic Question engaged his attention in both

* They would have been still more evident before the partial dislocation arising from auction necessities.

capacities, and he advocated what are called "high protestant principles" with a firmness such as belonged to the earlier Puritans, but at the same time with a spirit of affectionate gentleness which was peculiarly his own. To his credit it must be said, that though he possessed great powers of wit and satire, he rarely indulged in sarcasm or invective; and when betrayed into such occasional lapses, he was eager to manifest his regret and make honourable atonement. There are few authors in whose works the man and the controversialist so strongly appear as distinct characters. Amid all the storm of polemics, he not unfrequently stops to introduce a little bit of rural scenery or picture of peasant life, on which he dwells with the complacency of spirit to whom strife is wearisome. On the other hand, in some of his sketches of Irish scenery, when contemplating ruined towers and mouldering fanes with the sympathies of a patriot and the imaginings of a poet, he suddenly interrupts "the genial current of his soul," to introduce a sneer at popery or a denunciation of priesthood. The effect is such as would have been produced had one of the old covenanters written *scholia* on Sidney's *Arcadia*, which an editor had ignorantly incorporated with the text. Mr. Otway's partisanship rarely limited his literary sympathies. No matter what might be the religion or politics of a young author in Dublin, Mr. Otway looked to his intellectual merits and made every exertion to forward his labours. He was thus the centre of the "young literature" of the Irish capital, and he laboured to prevent it assuming that sectarian character in the hands of others which unfortunately was too manifest in his own. He was a large contributor to the *Dublin Christian Examiner*, and *University Magazine*; the former, indeed, principally owed its fame to the articles signed C. O. Few can read them without regretting that he, like too many of his countrymen,

To party gave up what was meant for mankind. In England Mr. Otway is chiefly known by his "Sketches" in some of the least frequented parts of Ireland, which have won the favour of many strongly opposed to the author's peculiar opinions.

Foreign papers record the death of the illustrious Professor Heeren, at the advanced age of eighty-one. Since 1787, he had been attached to the University of Göttingen, first as Professor of Philosophy, and afterwards of History, and was a member of nearly all the learned academies of Europe. To the notice of his death, we may add that of M. Beyle, the Consul of France at Civita-Vecchia, better known in the literary republic by his pseudonym of Frederick Stendhal.

Mr. Hullmandel, the Lithographer, has received this week a superb gold medal from the King of the French, as a reward for his invention of Lithotint. Every recognition by the sovereign of another country of the claims of successful ingenuity to honorary distinction, deserves to be recorded, especially as such acts of encouragement are almost unknown in England—better in France.

The sale of the library of Dr. Olinthus Gregory took place on the 16th and 17th of last month. There was little of rarity, but a great number of useful books, principally of divinity, and mathematical and physical science. A large collection of manuscript calculations, by the late Mr. Goodwyn, was bought, we understand, by the Royal Society. Some autographs of Newton, Nelson, De Moivre, Thomas Simpson, &c., fetched good prices. Dr. Gregory was at one time in a humble situation compared to that in which his merits afterwards placed him. He is said, in a dictionary of living authors, to have been a printer, but we believe he was a bookseller in a small way at Cambridge. Report has it that he was brought forward by some members of the University, who found out his mathematical attainments, among the foremost of whom was Mr. Copley, now Lord Lyndhurst. Among the books sold was a well read copy of Sanderson's Algebra, containing a note, in the Doctor's handwriting, that it was given him by MM. Bolland and Copley, of Trinity College, Cambridge. No man ever repaid such a benefit in kind more gratefully than Dr. Gregory: not of course to those who bestowed it, but to others who stood in need of the same encouragement.

The sixth concert at the *Conservatoire*, at Paris, introduced two pieces from the "St. Paul" of Mendelssohn, to the French *dilettanti*. They appear to

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have been relished by the few; but a French audience is slow to committing itself by admiration: none (the sequel is inevitable) so unmeasured in its ravings, when the enthusiasm is admitted as *comme il faut*. We predict, that in two seasons more, Mendelssohn's music may become the rage in Paris; we remember, that two seasons ago, it was hardly admitted to be music, by some of the leading arbiters of classical taste there!—This has been but a dull week at home, to the public; nevertheless, a season of great preparation, as our next chronicle will show. A trial of Spohr's new symphony, was made by the Philharmonic Society, on Wednesday evening. It is written for two orchestras—the second one being a company of *solo* players; to criticize it, would be presumptuous, in its incomplete state, and we are doing better service to art, in arousing all who can, to hear it, when it is performed: if only as a measure of justice towards those among the Philharmonic directors, who have introduced a novelty so important. The Great Choral Meeting in Exeter Hall, with *fifteen hundred* singers (!) trained on the Wilhem plan, "comes off" on the 13th. Here, too, while we announce, it were unfair to anticipate. At the Italian Opera, Mad. Persiani is promised for Tuesday next, and the Ronconi this day week, in the "Torquato" of Donizetti. Miss Kemble appears in another new part, "La Sonnambula," on Thursday. The German Operas are advertised to commence at Covent Garden on the 2nd of May, with a programme as rich in its promises as those of former seasons.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS is open DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The TWO PICTURES, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF MAGNA in Picturesque Landscapes, painted by M. ROBERTSON, and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. REBOUX, from a Sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A. 1829. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

OPEN: MORNING, at the SIX P.M. EVENINGS, from half-past Seven till Half-past Ten o'clock. THE COLOSSAL ELECTRIFYING MACHINE, worked by Steam Power, exhibiting the effects of ELECTRIC LIGHT, the AURORA BOREALIS, &c. on a grand scale, at Twelve A.M. and at Half-past Seven in the Evening. The NEW and ENLARGED DISSOLVING TRACTOR, exhibiting the effects of the Dissolving of the HOLY LAND, are shown at Half-past One, at a Quarter-past Five, and at a Quarter before Ten o'clock in the Evenings. The intermediate hours are devoted to various Lectures, which demonstrate every advance made in practical science. To the Cosmographic Views, which are exhibited in the Evenings, Ten beautiful Pictures have been added.—Leader of the Band, Mr. Wallis. Admission, 1s.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 14.—1. A paper was read, communicated by Mr. A. Forbes, being the deposition of a Persian servant, who had accompanied Dr. Forbes into Seistan, giving an account of the murder of that gentleman, by Ibrahim Khan, a Beloochee. It appears that Dr. Forbes had been well received and hospitably treated at different places, but that the circumstance of his taking notes and plans had excited suspicions which led to his untimely death, the manner of which was as follows:—Dr. Forbes, on reaching the borders of Seistan, requested of Ibrahim Khan, whom he regarded as his friend, to furnish him with a guide, in prosecution of his journey to Kandahar, but the Khan said he would himself conduct him to the frontier, and from thence send a party of horse to escort him. "We all started accordingly in the morning," says the narrator; "the Khan, I thought, seemed reserved, and after we had gone a short way, I remarked that he lagged behind, and, looking round, I saw that he and his people were loading their guns; I immediately passed on, and told the Doctor, who turned pale and said the fatal day was come. The Khan, however, soon rejoined him, and they entered, as usual, into friendly conversation. The Doctor asked Ibrahim Khan why he and his people had loaded their guns, saying, he supposed there were no enemies lurking about; the Khan replied, that he always hunted as he journeyed along, and on reaching the river they would have plenty of hogs. Soon afterwards we arrived at the banks of the river. It was a place, I understood, where horsemen used to ford, but the bed of the river was full from bank to bank, owing, as I subsequently learned, to the Khan having sent on beforehand, and broken the

bonds which usually turned off the water. The Doctor asked Ibrahim Khan how he was to cross, and the Khan immediately told his people to make a *tootun*, or rude raft, capable of bearing one man. When this was completed, the Doctor was directed to get upon the raft, which was then pushed off into the stream—the Doctor having a long stick in his hands, with which he was to pole himself across; his arms, clothes, instruments, and other property remained upon the bank. He had not pushed the raft above fifteen or twenty yards into the sluggish stream, when Ibrahim Khan, who was standing composedly on the bank, levelled his gun and fired. The ball did not take effect, and the Doctor turned round and asked who fired, and why. The Khan answered that he had shot at a waterfowl, which had dived. The Doctor seemed to believe him, and went on poling: he had proceeded a very short distance further, however, when Ibrahim took another gun from one of his people, and fired a second time, with deliberate aim. This time the shot took effect, and I saw the blood flowing from a wound in the Doctor's right side. He immediately fell off the raft into the water, which I was surprised to see did not reach above his middle, and began to wade back to the bank he had left. Ibrahim Khan now commenced abusing him, with all manner of opprobrious names. The Doctor said, "Do not kill me; take all my property, but spare my life: what can you gain by killing me? I am but one man, and have never injured you; my countrymen are many, and will take vengeance for my blood; do not make all Englishmen your blood enemies." It was all, however, of no avail. The Khan continued to pour forth abuse, and, on his victim reaching the bank, drew his sword and struck him a blow on the head, which felled him to the ground. I saw the Doctor lift up his hands, as if in prayer, but he was almost immediately killed by sword-cuts from the Khan and his attendants, and his body was thrown into the river."

2. Extract of a letter from Major Frederic Sotheby, of the Bengal Artillery, dated Shawl Kot, in Afghanistan, the 2nd of December, 1841, describing his passage of the Bolan Pass, with 500 camels and eight carts and waggons. The greater part of the road was along the bed of a torrent, and is composed of shingly gravel, which recedes from under the feet. The Pass is usually infested by robbers, who hurl stones down upon the travellers,—were they as bold as they are cruel and perfidious, they might hold the Pass against any force. When the torrent is suddenly swelled, its force is irresistible. On one occasion, an officer lost all his horses, camels, and property, with seventeen men, who were suddenly swept away, the officer and a few persons who were with him escaping only by quickly climbing upon the precipitous rocks which form the sides of the gorge. In one part of the Pass the erosion of the torrent had laid the strata bare, and here regular veins of coal, but of a bad quality, were seen; they were about six inches thick, and recurred at regular intervals of about six feet, and inclined to the horizon. The outcrop of the coal was sought for, but was not discovered. Sulphur is said to exist at no great distance. The whole country is rocky; the plain intersected by deeply cut ravines, and covered with debris. A spot was passed where an attack had been made by the robbers, the result of which was still evident in the dead bodies of camels, horses, and property strewed about, and traces of blood. The carts and waggons were arrested for a while by the badness of the road, but finally, together with the camels and all the party, got safely through the Pass, without being attacked or even seeing any one. The passage is particularly tedious. In their march through it, the party had to wade the stream eighteen times, unshoeing every time. The scenery, upon the whole, does not lack grandeur. The highest part of the Pass is about 5,000 feet above Dadur, and the climate cold in consequence; it frosts every night, and in spots inaccessible to the sun it does not thaw in the daytime.

3. Some notes communicated by General Miller.—The first of these related to the remarkable rise of the western coast of South America, in proof of which several very curious facts were mentioned; among others, there was at Valdivia, in 1820, only two feet water, where, sixty or seventy years previously, six Dutch line-of-battle ships had anchored.

—The second note referred to the nature of the inland territory east of the Andes of Cuzco, and to a tribe of Indian braves, who have never been subjugated. These people live chiefly on game and fish, use bows and arrows only, wear no clothing, and eat no salt. This tribe is said to resemble the Indians of New Orleans, and those near Buffalo. The General speculates upon the facility with which Chinese and Japanese junks might have been blown over to the shores of America.—The last of these interesting notes points out the probability of the existence of islands still undiscovered in the South Sea, there being part seldom or never passed by vessels, it being out of the tracks they always take.

4. A paper was next read, being a detailed description, by Mr. Schoolcraft, of a tumulus at Gravebreck Flats, on the Virginia side of the Ohio Valley, about half a day's voyage below Pittsburg. Its form is a truncated cone, and is calculated to contain nearly two millions of cubic feet of earth. When opened, it was found to contain human skeletons, 1,700 ivory beads, 500 small shells, and 66 pieces of mica, besides a small tabular stone, containing twenty-four distinctly engraved alphabetical characters, arranged in parallel lines. On this relic the chief interest is concentrated. The date of the construction of the tumulus is estimated to be about A.D. 1300.

Col. Gawler then gave a *vivid voce* account of South Australia; he divided the subject into, first, the different kinds of country in South Australia; and, secondly, the mountain ranges which determine the geometrical features of the country, the plains at their bases, and the rivers rising in and flowing from them. As to the different kinds of country, there were four—the sand deposits along the sea shore; the brush and scrub; the stringy-bark forests, and the lightly timbered park-like land, available for tillage and for cattle and sheep pasture. In regard to the sand deposits, it would easily be conceived, that, on a coast open to the prevailing south-westerly wind and the swell of the great Southern Ocean, they would be extensive. In Spencer's and St. Vincent's Gulfs, sheltered as these seas were, they were comparatively low; but, from the mouth of the river Murray, extending to a great distance to the south-east, they might be called, from their great breadth and the difficulties of crossing them, sand mountains. These were thickly inhabited by a black population, supported by fish, from the sea on one side, and from the Coorong, a great estuary, on the other. The brush and scrub country consisted of tracts covered with stunted foliage; in the case of the scrub, being mere bushes, over which a man on foot may have a distant view; and in that of the brush, trees of various heights, to twenty or five-and-twenty feet. The scrub, perhaps, might never be useful, but the brush certainly might become very serviceable to man. It might be used for all purposes for which long and straight poles are required, would burn into good charcoal, and form an endless supply of fuel for smelting the immense quantities of good iron ore with which the province abounded. The brush was often very beautiful, consisting of acacias, eucalypti, and high creepers, flowering luxuriantly. The brush and scrub stood almost invariably on sandstone formations. The geology and botany of Australia ran singularly together. The stringy-bark forest was an extensive, noble, and most useful feature in the country. It commenced near Cape Jervis, and, with occasional interruptions, extended for perhaps a hundred miles to the northward and eastward. It followed the courses of the summits of the mountain ranges, and stood, almost invariably, upon the quartz and ironstone conglomerate, by which these ranges, in the Adelaide district, were generally capped. It consisted of straight and lofty trees, the wood of which served for building purposes, and for fences of all kinds. The lightly timbered park-like country rested upon alluvial deposits, the decomposition of the forests and rocks of the mountain ranges, or it covered the extensive slate formations incumbent on the sides of the mountains, or the still more extensive, nearly horizontal, stratified fossiliferous formations that form the basis of the plains. It is beautiful and most available for the wants of man. In it are to be found large tracts fit for the plough and for every species of cultivation, extensive horse and cattle pastures, and very extensive sheep pastures. It is lightly covered with eucal-

Iypti, the oxle (*casuarina*), and other trees, of which the wood was calculated for very useful purposes, as might be seen by the several specimens produced to the meeting.—In reference to the second division of the subject, there were, properly speaking, but two great mountain ranges in South Australia, that which Mr. Eyre had called the Gawler range, in the Port Lincoln peninsula (Eyria), and the range which Capt. Flinders had discovered at the head of Spencer's Gulf, which at its northerly extremities, losing itself in the great plain surrounded by the horse-shoe-like Lake Torrens, descends away to the southward, and has its southern and south-westerly extremities on the shores of St. Vincent's Gulf and Backstairs Passage, to the southward of Adelaide. The basis rocks of these mountain ranges were granite, gneiss, or red porphyry, of which specimens were produced. In the Adelaide district, the granite was covered, generally, so as to be scarcely visible, by very extensive formations of primary or transition slates, and by sandstones. In these were frequently found large beds of transition limestones. Some of the slates are calculated for roofing, and the limestones are very crystalline, and suited for statuary. The granite is sometimes decomposed into fine white porcelain earth. Metals exist probably in considerable quantities; valuable iron ores certainly abound; galena, copper, and other metals have been discovered. The plains at the bases of the mountains consist generally of extensive stratified fossiliferous formations; in some of these selenite, reducible to the best plaster of Paris, is abundant. The numerous small rivers between the head of Spencer's Gulf and Cape Jervis, rise generally in the high lands upon the mountain ranges, form lovely valleys, at considerable elevations, and then descending to the plains through wild, rocky, and almost impassable ravines, cut deep and broad channels in their further courses to the sea. From the number of these small rivers and the shortness of their courses, the flow of water in the summer months was small, as was frequently the case in other countries under the same latitude; but then chains of waterholes at least remained. Shallowness and want of beauty must not be connected with the idea of these waterholes, but the contrary. They were closely overhung and shaded with trees and shrubs, and were deep and frequently very large. They were fine natural reservoirs, beneficially provided for the preservation of water in the warm months of such a climate, and deserving rather of the name of lagoons than that which they usually bore. Colonel Gawler then described the River Murray, and stated that, in a course of about 180 miles its depth was never less than thirteen feet, deep water holding generally from bank to bank. The temperature of South Australia had for its extremes about 102°, in the shade, and the freezing point. From the clearness of the atmosphere, the high temperature was not nearly so oppressive as the same degree of heat would be in England. It occurred only with the hot winds, which came from the north-east.—At the request of Sir Harry Verney, Col. Gawler described that extraordinary geographical feature, Lake Torrens, and stated his opinion, that it was probably supplied from some still greater inland reservoir, and that the best course to the centre of New Holland must be to the westward of it, either near to its banks or by the summit of the Gawler range.—In reply to questions from Mr. Murchison, it was further stated, that the reports which had gone abroad in England, concerning the deficiency of water in South Australia, were erroneous, as considered in regard to the wants of man. Abundance of rain fell in the course of the nine months from April to January. Westerly, and especially south-westerly, winds prevailed through by far the greatest portion of the year, and brought moisture from all the great extents of comparatively shallow water in the neighbourhood. Water was found abundantly in wells of from 20 to 120 feet in depth, sometimes brackish, but generally very good. South Australia was unquestionably an agricultural, as well as a pastoral country. The pastures were indeed magnificent, and the herbage upon them nutritious in an extraordinary degree; but tracts of arable land, capable of producing the finest wheat, were thickly and extensively dispersed over the face of the country. Much wheat had been grown, which could not be surpassed in any country, and he understood that

ten thousand acres would be this year under cultivation. On one occasion, the representation was seriously made to him, that flour made from wheat grown in the colony was too good to be issued for the public service. No climate could surpass that of South Australia for salubrity. Even marshes there appeared to lose their deleterious qualities, persons working in them, and living close to them, rarely complained of ill effects.

GEOLoGICAL SOCIETY.

March 9.—Mr. Murchison, President, in the chair.

1. 'On the Salt Steppe, south of Orenburg, and on a remarkable Freezing Cavern,' by R. I. Murchison, Esq.—This Salt Steppe differs from those between the Ural and the Volga, or on the Siberian side of the Urals, in consisting, not of a dead flat, but of wide undulations and low ridges; it is nevertheless a true Steppe, being devoid of trees and slightly irrigated. The surface is composed of gypsum sands and marls, considered by Mr. Murchison to be of the age of the Zechstein, through which protrude the small pyramidal masses of rock salt, that led to the discovery of the great subjacent deposit. The spot where the salt is principally quarried, in open day, is immediately south of the village of Illetzkaya Zatcheta, and the excavations extend about 300 paces in length and 200 in breadth; the exposed thickness of the mass being forty feet. The salt is of so great purity as to need no preparation, except pounding, previous to its being used, the only extraneous matter consisting in occasionally minute filaments of gypsum. At first sight, the mass appears to be horizontally stratified, but this structure, Mr. Murchison states, is owing to the mineral being excavated in large parallelopiped blocks, twelve feet long, three deep, and three wide, which are first separated vertically from the great body of salt by grooves cut with a hatchet, and then detached horizontally by means of a heavy beam of wood suspended from triangles and driven against the face of the block. The upper surface of the salt is irregular in outline, penetrating in some places through the overlying sands and marls; the base of the exposed mass is worn on the side first excavated, into a cavern by the action of dissolved snow and other causes, the roof of the cavern being adorned by pendent saline crystallizations, and the face of the same side of the quarry presents the semblance of a polished mirror. The entire range of this great deposit has not been ascertained, but it is known to extend two wersts in length; and Mr. Murchison is of opinion that it constitutes the subsoil of a considerable area: its entire thickness also appears not to have been clearly determined, but it greatly exceeds 100 feet. In consequence of the salt occurring so near the surface, every pool supplied with springs from below is affected by it. One of them, which is used medicinally, is so highly charged with saline contents, that the bather has great difficulty in submerging his body, and the skin on leaving the water is coated with salt. Innumerable animalcules swarm in this brine.—Mr. Murchison then proceeded to describe the freezing cave. It is situated in the base of a little hillock of gypsum at the eastern end of the village of Illetzkaya Zatcheta, and is distinguished from other adjacent caves, either natural or artificial, by abounding with ice in summer, and containing no ice in winter. "Standing on the heated ground (Reaumur thermometer being in the shade 25°) and under broiling sun, I shall never forget," Mr. Murchison says, "my astonishment when the woman, to whom the cavern belonged, unlocked a fragile door, and so piercing a volume of air struck upon our feet and legs, that we were glad to rush into the cold bath in front of us to equalize the effect." At three or four paces within the door, and on a level with the street, beer or quass was half frozen, and meat was deposited for preservation. A little further the narrow chasm opened into a vault, fifteen feet high, ten paces long, and seven or eight wide, and which appeared to send off irregular fissures into the hillock. From the whole of the roof, solid undripping icicles were suspended, and the floor was covered with hard snow, ice, or frozen earth. In the winter, all these phenomena disappear, and when the external air is very cold, the cavern possesses such a temperature, that the Russian inhabitants could sleep in it without their sheepskins. For the purpose of eliciting an expla-

nation of these curious opposite conditions of the cave, Mr. Murchison wrote to Sir John Herschel, and received the communications to be subsequently noticed. With reference to the remarks contained in them, Mr. Murchison states that he particularly urged the government at Orenburg, and the directors of the Salines, to keep accurate meteorological registers; and he adds, that there is a very marked difference between the climate of the Steppes south of Orenburg and that of Ekaterinbourg, depending, not merely on the six degrees of intervening latitude, but also on the short summers of Ekaterinbourg, and the long unvarying droughty summers of the southern Steppes, as well as on the proximity, in the former case, of mountain ranges, and on the flat and little elevated levels in the latter. He considers the existence of a substratum of frozen matter as impossible; and he adduces arguments drawn from inquiries which he made in 1840, in Northern Russia, to show that the statements respecting the permanently frozen subsoil of Yakutia require further consideration before they be admitted as established facts. With reference to the explanation of the peculiarities of the ice-cave being due to the time requisite for the transmission of the winter or summer temperature through the mass of gypsum composing the hillock (about 150 feet in height), Mr. Murchison conceives, that the occurrence of the fissures ramifying from the cavern into the hill, presents difficulties; and he states, that when he was on the spot, the existence of these fissures led him to speculate on the possibility of the phenomena being explicable by the passage of currents of air over subterranean floors of moistened rock salt, and on the effect which would be produced when such currents came in contact with a stream of dry heated air. In conclusion, the author dwells on the great geological range of salt deposits in Russia, and he points out that their extensive distribution affords a ready explanation of the saline lakes, without reference to the supposition that those bodies of water are the remnants of former seas.

2. Letter from Sir J. Herschel, explanatory of the phenomena exhibited by the freezing cavern.—After referring to some instances of great cold in caverns or excavations during summer, Sir John Herschel observes, it is clear that the cause cannot be ascribed to evaporation or the condensation of vapour. The winter temperature of Orenburg not being known to Sir John Herschel, he is induced to reason from that of Ekaterinbourg; and he states, that if anything similar obtains at Orenburg, he sees no difficulty in explaining the phenomena of the ice cave. "Rejecting diurnal fluctuations, and considering the summer heat as a single wave propagated downwards, alternately with a single winter wave of cold," Sir J. Herschel says, "every point in the interior of an insulated hill, rising above the level plain, will be invaded by these waves in succession, converging towards the centre in the form of shells, similar to the external surface, at times which will deviate farther from mid-winter and mid-summer the deeper the point is in the interior; so that at certain depths the cold-wave will arrive in mid-summer and the heat-wave in mid-winter. A cave, if not very wide-mouthed and very airy, penetrating to such a point, will have its temperature determined by that of the solid rock which forms its walls, and will be so alternately heated or cooled. The analogy of waves," adds Sir John Herschel, "is not strictly that of the progress of heat in solids, but nearly enough so for my present purpose."

3. 'On some phenomena observed on Glaciers, and on the internal Temperature of large masses of ice or snow; with some remarks on the natural Ice Caves which occur below the limits of perpetual snow,' by Sir J. Herschel, Bart. (written about 1829).—The glacial phenomena more particularly discussed in the first part of this memoir, are the blocks of granite which rest on pedestals of ice of less diameter than the blocks, and rising above the general surface of the glacier; and the occurrence of smaller fragments sunk into the ice, the depth of the hollow being, within certain limits, increased proportionably to the smallness of the fragment. In both cases the heating and cooling influences are considered to be equal. These apparently opposite phenomena afford, Sir John Herschel states, a very pretty illustration of the laws of the propagation of heat through

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and conductors, and the steps by which an average temperature is attained in large masses from a varying source. The sinking of the smaller fragments into the ice depends, the author shows, upon the greater power of absorbing solar heat possessed by stone than ice; and as the stone gives out this heat to the ice below nearly as fast as it is received, a greater depth of ice is melted in a given time beneath the stone than in the surrounding parts of the glacier. During the night, ice radiates terrestrial heat nearly, or quite as copiously, as stone, and thus they are on a par in frigorific power. The existence of the large blocks on the pedestals of ice is equally due to the same law. Let us imagine, says Sir John Herschel, a great mass of stone, at the commencement of summer, to lie on a level surface of ice, in a situation exposed to the direct rays of the sun, where the mean temperature of day and night is but little above the freezing point, but where no fresh snow falls during the whole summer. In the daytime, then, the upper surface of the stone will be strongly heated, and a wave of heat propagated slowly downwards towards the ice, but diminishing rapidly in intensity as it travels. Long before it reaches the ice, night comes on, the surface cools below the actual temperature of the air by radiation, and a wave of cold, propagated by the same laws, follows close on the wave of heat below, travelling with equal velocity. The heated stone consequently parts with its heat upwards and downwards, and its intensity diminishes with much greater rapidity as it penetrates deeper. It is manifest, continues Sir J. Herschel, that were the thickness of the stone infinite, this process would ultimately reduce the two waves to their mean quantity; and not to take the extreme case of infinity, at some very moderate depth, the fluctuations above and below the mean temperature of the air, as the successive nocturnal and diurnal waves pass through a particle of the stone there situated, will be very trifling, and may be regarded as evanescent. Beyond this depth the remaining mass of the stone may be considered as a slow conducting body, interposed between a surface of ice, constantly maintained at 32°, and a surface of stone constantly maintained at the mean temperature of the air, which, by hypothesis, is very little above it. Through this part of the block the heat will percolate uniformly but feebly, and the ice will be very slowly melted. On the contrary, the surrounding portions of the glacier, undefended by the stone, experiencing during the day the direct radiation of the sun, melt and run off. At night the surface cools by radiation, the cold being propagated downwards; but on the return of day, the melting process is renewed, and the degradation of the general surface of the glacier is thus effected, the amount of ice dissolved being in proportion to the direct intensity of the sun's rays, and the time they shine; while the surface of the ice beneath the stone will be dissolved only in proportion to the excess of the mean temperature of day and night, above 32° diminished by the effect of the thickness of the stone. One curious circumstance, observes Sir J. Herschel, seems to follow from this reasoning, namely, that the ice of a glacier, or other great accumulation of the kind, may, at some depth beneath the surface, have a permanent temperature very much below freezing, though in a situation whose mean annual temperature is sensibly above that point. In fact there is no reason why waves of cold of any intensity below 32°, may not be propagated downwards into the interior of the ice; but waves of heat above that point, of course never can. Thus, the cold of winter, and the frost produced by radiation in the clear nights of summer, will enter the mass, and lower its internal temperature, while the heat of the summer air, and that imparted by solar radiation, will mainly be employed in melting the surface, and will run off with the water produced.—In the concluding part of the paper Sir J. Herschel applies the same mode of reasoning to explain the existence of ice caves below the limits of perpetual snow. If, he says, the surface, during the whole or greater part of the year be covered with ice, the mean annual temperature of the interior will be materially less than that due to elevation, and which it would have, were it not so covered. Conceive a mountain, whose summit is thus constantly maintained at a mean temperature below that due to its elevation. This intense cold will not break off at the level of the line of per-

petual snow, which is determined by the mean temperature of the atmosphere, dependent on altitude, but will be propagated downwards in the interior of its mass. Hence, if at a short distance below the line of perpetual snow, where the mean diurnal temperature of the exposed part, taken at a few feet or yards deep in rock is a little above freezing, we penetrate by an adit, or natural fissure, to a much greater depth from the surface, we ought to find the internal temperature below 32°, and ice ought constantly to form in such cavities. But even when the summit of a hill is not covered with ice, and when therefore this particular principle does not apply, it is easy to see, on the same general grounds, that something similar may obtain. It is obvious, that whenever a change of temperature on the surface of a solid takes place, a wave of heat or cold, as the case may be, will be propagated through its substance, and if the change be periodic, the waves will be also. Moreover, it is clear, that the longer the periods of the external fluctuations are supposed, the greater will be the interval of the waves, so as to make the time taken for the propagated heat to run over them, precisely equal to the period of fluctuation. Now the rapidity with which successive waves of heat and cold destroy each other, is inversely as the intervals, and thus the fluctuations of temperature, depending on long periods of external change, will be propagated to greater depths than those arising from shorter periods, nearly in the ratio of the lengths of the periods. Thus, the depths at which the annual fluctuations of temperature cease to be sensible, will be between 300 and 400 times greater than those at which the diurnal ones are neutralized. Now it may happen from the slowness of propagation through so considerable a depth that the winter waves of cold (consisting of many diurnal waves of alternately greater or less intensity) may not travel down to the adit, or cavern, till the hottest period of the next summer, or of many summers;—in short, that if at any given time the interior of the mountain were sounded by thermometers down its whole axis, these instruments would exhibit alternate deviations, + and - from the mean temperature of the air.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 19.—Prof. Wilson in the chair.

Two papers, being Nos. 2 and 3 of a series, by Lieut. T. J. Newbold, on the Mineral Resources of Southern India, were read. No. 2 was on the Magnesite Formations, and chiefly on those of Salem, where it is found in considerable quantity, occupying an area of eight square miles, and distant between four and five miles from the town, towards the northwest. The surrounding formation is composed of a series of gneiss, mica, hornblende, and talcose schists, associated with granite, and a rock analogous to serpentine, penetrated by dykes of basaltic greenstone. The magnesite is chiefly found in the hornblende, in veins varying in thickness from a yard to a few lines. Its general character in the mass is that of a hard white travertine; its colour varies from white to buff; its fracture is conchoidal. It is usually softer than quartz, but sometimes hard enough to strike fire with steel. A pale phosphorescent light is frequently observed in the night playing over the surface of the mineral, at the bottom of the shallow excavations, which imparts a strange unearthly aspect to the spot, and excites much alarm among the natives. These formations were discovered by Dr. Heyne, and the valuable properties of the mineral in the composition of hydraulic cement were first brought to the notice of the Madras government by Dr. Macleod, and applied in reparations of the Fort in 1825. About a twelvemonth afterwards, a comparative trial was made between a cement of the calcined mineral, mixed with sand, a cement of lime and ironstone, and common Chunam plaster, applied to portions of the same wall. After a heavy monsoon, the magnesite cement was found to be the hardest and strongest of the three, and was thought to be fully equal to Parker's cement. The price at which the two cements could be procured at Madras was then equal; but, chiefly in consequence of the discovery of large deposits on the banks of the Cauvery, near Trichinopoly, the magnesite cement can now be produced at less than one-sixth of its cost at that period. A claim to the discovery of this mineral was made a few years ago, by Col. Pasley, who

was unacquainted with Dr. Macleod's experiments; but, on an investigation of the matter made by the authorities in England, the claim of the latter gentleman was clearly proved; and a donation of 3,000 rupees was made to him by the East India Company.

The paper No. 3 was on the Mines of Chromate of Iron, also in the district of Salem, where it is associated with the magnesite described in the preceding paper, forming with it a complete net-work. The chromate sometimes runs in veins, varying in width from nearly four feet to less than an inch, but suddenly and irregularly contracting and expanding. In other cases, it is found in nodules imbedded in the magnesite, the nodule in one instance weighing two tons. The veins run more frequently along the sides than down the middle of the veins of magnesite, though not rarely they penetrate and intersect them, a fact indicative of their posterior origin. The mines had been recently opened when seen by Lieut. Newbold, in March 1840. They consisted of two open shafts, of the depths of fifty-nine and sixty-three feet. Water covered the floor of the latter to the depth of four feet, which the miners were getting out with no better means than buckets and ropes. The ore is separated by pickaxes, chisels, wedges, and hammers, and is then sorted and piled up on the ground, waiting until the period of the Cauvery's becoming navigable, which is about the end of June. It is then sent by land to Moganoor, forty miles south of Salem, and thence by boats to Porto Novo, from whence it is shipped for Europe. The circumstance of the existence of this mineral in the Salem district was communicated by Mr. Heath to Mr. Fischer, of Salem, with a request that he would make every search for its site. This, Mr. Fischer did for some time, without success; but at last he discovered it by mere accident, while in search of a wounded wild-fowl. The ore was analyzed, at the request of the Society, by Mr. Solly, Jun., who reports that tolerably clear specimens yielded 49 per cent. of chromic oxide, and that it was as good as could be desired. A portion of chromate of lead, prepared from the ore by that gentleman, was laid upon the table; its colour was pronounced very brilliant. Lieut. Newbold was sorry to learn from late accounts that the Salem mine appeared to be nearly exhausted. He has, however, been informed, that the mineral has since been found associated with the magnesite near Trichinopoly, in a formation similar to that of Salem, and at a spot much more advantageous, in consequence of the superior facility of water carriage. Indications of its existence are said to be found also near Hoonsur, in Mysore, and near Comar Pollum, in the Salem district.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

March 15.—The Anniversary Meeting was held this day. Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., V.P., in the chair.—The Report of the Council stated that the finances of the Society had improved, and the number of Fellows increased. The latter amount to 435 ordinary, 25 honorary, and 9 corresponding members. The attention of the Council has been directed to procuring more desirable accommodation, and it is hoped that before the close of the year this object will be gained. It will then be the aim of the Council to enlarge the Library, in order to make it as perfect as the means of the Society will admit of, for the purposes of statistical references. A classed Catalogue of the works at present in the library has been completed during the past year. Although the Council's application to the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy for permission to obtain from their Registers tabular statements of their statistical results has not met with success, yet the object will be carried out in the county asylums, and a convention of the medical officers of those establishments will be held this year, when arrangements will be made for obtaining systematic returns from the several asylums. The Committee for prosecuting inquiries relating to vital statistics has issued a form to the several London Hospitals for the registration and annual collection of their experience. The medical officers have expressed every wish to co-operate with the Committee; an enumeration of the patients in the hospitals was made in January last, which will be repeated at periodical intervals, and the results published. The Education Committee have instituted a subsidiary inquiry, based on the data supplied

by the Census, into the number of teachers and scholars in the borough of Finsbury, and have been afforded great facilities by the Census Commissioners for the examination of the enumerators' schedules deposited in their office.

The following were elected as the officers and council for the ensuing year:—

President, The Marquis of Lansdowne. *Treasurer*, G. R. Porter, Esq. *Honorary Secretaries*, J. Clendenning, Esq. M.D., J. Fletcher, Esq. R. W. Rawson, Esq. *Council*: C. Ansell, Esq.; Lord Ashley, M.P.; Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart.; Right Hon. S. Bourne, J. Bowring, Esq. M.P.; J. Clendenning, Esq. M.D.; G. Coode, Esq.; Viscount Ebrington, M.P.; Rev. E. W. Edgell, W. Farr, Esq.; J. Fletcher, Esq.; F. H. Goldsmid, Esq.; W. Greig, Esq.; W. A. Guy, Esq. M.D.; H. Hallam, Esq.; J. Heywood, Esq.; L. Horner, Esq.; The Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir C. Lemon, Bart. M.P.; Right Hon. H. Mackenzie, J. R. Martin, Esq. M.D.; H. Merivale, Esq.; G. R. Porter, Esq.; R. W. Rawson, Esq.; H. Reeve, Esq.; Viscount Sandon, M.P.; Lieut-Col. Sykes; T. Tooke, Esq.; S. Tremenheere, Esq.; Major A. M. Tulloch, J. Wilson, Esq.

March 21.—G. R. Porter, Esq., in the chair.—A paper was read 'On the Commerce of Russia.'—This report, "compiled," as set forth, "from official documents," entered into more elaborate details than would interest our readers. We, however, collected from it some curious statistical facts; amongst them, that commerce is considered "a pastime" in Russia—that the plains of the Wolga are furrowed with "caravans of carts"—that "each waggoner carries a cook with him, which serves as a clock," and so forth. Further, that "the returns from the several Ports of Russia exhibit a total of 6,316 ships annually employed," which ships, "taken according to the flags they bear," may be thus divided; among 100, there are "33 English, 2 French, 1 American," &c. That "63 American" ships entered the port of Cronstadt in 1840; and as this is exactly 1 per cent. of all the ships employed throughout all Russia (6,316), not a single American ship could have entered any other port. That besides the ships, there are "4,350 small craft used in the coasting trade, 3,500 of which ply along the shores of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, and 850 on the Baltic." Thus, as the small craft on the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, and the Baltic together make exactly 4,350, it follows that there is not a single "small craft" to be found in the White Sea, or elsewhere. These we consider very curious statistical facts; but we had not leisure to hunt for more.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—**March 23.**—B. Rotch, Esq. V.P. in the chair. The first subject was Mr. Fox Talbot's new Calotype process for forming pictures by the agency of light, as practised by Mr. Collen. A brief historical sketch of the invention was given by Mr. E. Solly, Jun., including notices of the original experiments of Shule and Wollaston, on the chemical effects of light; the application of these experiments to the formation of pictures in 1802, by Mr. Wedgwood, who succeeded in forming designs and pictures on paper and leather soaked in a salt of silver, but was unable to fix or render permanent the images thus obtained; and the experiments of Niepce and Daguerre in France, and Talbot, Herschel, and others in this country. Amongst the more recent improvements of the process, were those which enabled it to be successfully applied to taking portraits, and these were chiefly due to Messrs. Claudet, Beard, and Talbot; the improvements of the two former consisted in modifications of the process of Daguerre, whereby the rapidity and perfection with which portraits could be taken was greatly increased. The novelty of Mr. Talbot's process consisted in the discovery of a preparation of silver, which could be applied to the surface of paper, and which was so easily affected by light, that mere exposure of it to the flame of a lamp for a few seconds was sufficient to cause a strong blackening effect. Paper thus prepared, which Mr. Talbot calls Calotype paper, has been most successfully employed by Mr. Collen, in taking portraits with the aid of the camera. The pictures obtained, are as faithful and accurate as those made by the Daguerreotype, whilst they possess the additional advantage of being visible in all lights, and free from that strong metallic lustre which so much detracts from the beauty of Daguerreotype and all portraits on silver or metal plates.—The next subject was Mr. Rand's Collapsible Metallic Tubes for preserving paint and other fluids. If paint is kept in bladders, when once opened the air gets in, and first

the surface and afterwards the whole mass hardens. A better method is that of Mr. Harrison, which was laid before the Society some years ago, and consists of a syringe of brass or other metal lined with tin. These syringes have been extensively used, and are very durable, but they require great care in making, and are expensive. Mr. Rand employs flexible drawn tubes of block tin, of about half an inch diameter, and from three to six inches long; one end is furnished with a stopper and the other closed with pincers. The paint is squeezed out by taking out the stopper and pressing the tube together, commencing at the flattened end. The price of the tubes is trifling, and the old ones may be melted down and remade. The metallic tubes are also applied to preserving provisions, and are made of various sizes for butter, portable soup, and concentrated essences, from which, with the assistance of a jug of hot water, Mr. Rand, in a few seconds produced some cups of tea and coffee. A gold medal was awarded to Mr. Cameron, of Liverpool, for his method of bleaching palm oil, by keeping up a constant circulation by means of machinery at a temperature not exceeding 230°. The reports of various Committees were received, and the following gentlemen elected members: J. Lyon, Esq., W. Scholey, Esq., J. Ryan, M.D., W. Newton, Esq., W. Newton, Jun. Esq., H. W. Montague, Esq., C. Irving, Esq., T. Fyfe, Esq., N. F. Grodus, Esq., J. Irving, Esq., J. Sholl, Esq., W. S. Gillet, Esq., W. Henry Donville, Esq., J. Tulloch, Esq., G. Bain, Esq., and S. Solly, Esq.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. British Architects, 8. P.M.
—Entomological Society.
TUES. Horticultural Society, 3.
—Civil Engineers, 8.—"Description of the Menai Lighthouse, by Mr. P. Hewett.—Description of the Machinery for Presenting Gas Illumination," &c., by C. Deroche.
—Linnean Society, 8.
—Chemical Society, 8.
WED. Geological Society, 3 p. 8.
—Society of Arts, 8.—Delbrück's Patent Autogenous process of Separating Mineral Matter, Clarke, & Co.—Piranini's System of Hydrogels, by Dr. Metastiere, of Graefenberg.
THU. Royal Society, 8 p. 8.
—Zoological Society, 3.—General Business.
FRI. Astronomical Society, 8.
—Royal Institution, 8 p. 8.—"On the Graeco-Italian Vases," by Mr. Birch.

FINE ARTS

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

A resolution to dwell only on what is worthy, and to confine our censures to such objects or institutions as there is some hope of amending, must render the notice of this *Nineteenth Exhibition* of the *Society of British Artists* a brief one. It is the worst of many years; and yet upwards of two hundred works—so says the Catalogue—have been returned! Stale beauties, "withering on the stalk," attempt to enhance their consequence by boasting of marriage-treaties rejected. Is it upon a like principle that this superabundance is a fact now constantly impressed upon the visitor to our second-class Exhibitions? We find it hard to put faith in the existence of two hundred pictures of less merit than many of those which glare and stare from the walls of the room in Suffolk Street.

It is melancholy to observe the colour-monomania which the cleverest of artists,—be he even as clever as Mr. Hurlstone,—may contract, by preferring his own chosen carnations and shade-tints, to the bloom and the shadow of Nature, which vary with every varying subject. Year by year have the rose colour and the leaden grey of our painter been growing more exclusive; and to this fault we must now add a carelessness of hand mistaken for breadth, which suggests the palette-knife rather than the pencil, as the tool employed, in certain parts of his pictures. This is grievous; for the most captious eye could not fail to discern a fine feeling for beauty, grace, and colour, in Mr. Hurlstone's pictures; and evidences of these are to be read in *My dear Brother* (12) and *La Filatrice* (225), as clearly as the increasing faults we would fain arrest by the friendly but unpalatable voice of Truth.

If Mr. Hurlstone be complained of, as working with a spatula, Mr. Stevens, on the contrary, is liable to the reproach of showing no more traces of hand, in his pictures, than a lacquered and japanned tea-board, glossy from Birmingham. His *Rachel Ruisch* (55) is one of the works of pretension in the gallery—a work, too, of labour and patience. Yet in the

face of the ill-trained opera *figurante*, who attitudinizes here, there is no warmth of vitality, but the waxen mask of the hair-dresser's window: her arms are French polished—her very bodice looks as if its folds had been fixed in an iron mould; and the poor pretty flowers tumbled so unceremoniously from her uplifted basket are things, the manufacture of which *Signora* or *Madame* will teach in seven lessons, rather than the delicious realities made up of the dew and sunshine of Nature. We are pleased to observe that another of the exhibitors, who began his career by showing tendencies somewhat mannered and extravagant, has not advanced further into the dream-land of egotistic delusion. This is Mr. Woolmer. He has not, indeed, laid aside *Mistress Eleanor Grandison's* predilection for pink and yellow; on the contrary, sundry *fêtes champêtres* and harem scenes, on which we will not dwell, are here to attest the gaiety of his taste. But he exhibits pictures this year which seem to us better than most of their predecessors. We may specify the *Herony on the Feudhorn* (70), and *Salvator Rosa* (199) in a rugged glen, which, though more like a dale of Yorkshire than a gorge in Calabria, is still picturesquely treated. Mr. Woolmer's *Ariël* (447), is a *replica* of his *Titania* of last year; but the repetition is more to our liking than the original: while his *Missal* (33), though a tiny and unobtrusive work, of cabinet size, being merely a girl reading, seated in a high-backed chair, is a picture on which the eye was glad to repose, after looking on some flaunting and flagrant enormities (the word is not too strong) by which it is surrounded.

Mr. Allen, too, seems to have resolved upon progress, and, therefore, to have achieved it. His *Leith Hill, Surrey* (61), is one of the attractions of the great room. In other landscapes the artist has exhibited his power over the feathered foliage of spring when it is waved by a stirring breeze,—has thrown those sharply defined shadows upon the glistening grass, which the sun casts when he breaks out after a shower; but in the picture we single from among the artist's many works, he has essayed a landscape with wider horizon, and viewed through a sober atmosphere. As its size, too, gives it importance, he has wisely bestowed greater care and finish than is usual with him. The distance melts off by harmonious and delicate gradations into the quiet horizon; the foreground is, perhaps, chargeable with timidity; but in the group of trees, form is well discriminated and foliage happily pencilled. The entire tone of this picture is that pastoral repose, which, joined with a fertility teeming if not luxuriant, is so essentially English. This Exhibition has other good landscapes by Tennant and Shayer. In the clever views of foreign towns and Rhine villages by Tomkins, there is a predominance of leaden and chalky tones, and a want of air, which, however, must not hinder us from bearing testimony to their fidelity of outline, and to the easy skill with which some of the details are painted. *Ehrenbreitstein* (264), a most accurate view of that splendid landscape, from a well chosen point of view, is, perhaps, the best of the series. To close this paragraph, we may mention Mr. Lancaster's storm at *Etretat, Normandy* (117). In this, the lurid light on the cliffs, and which touches the group waiting for the doomed vessel, swept closer to shore by every surge, gives a happy truth of effect to a scene in itself impressive from its wildness and desolation. Much licence is always claimed for those attempting to represent the fierce glory of such a sunset; nor can the boldest lavish of crimson, and mellow gold, and Tyrian purple, come up to the prodigality of Day, when dying, she, like Cleopatra, puts on her royal apparel. But the gorgeness of sky and water is never blushed by the crude and discordant hues, which Mr. Lancaster's imperfect skill—aiming at effects so prodigious—could not keep out of his picture. If he will watch the inroad of these with jealousy, he may do well on some future day, be his subject even as ambitious as his present one.

The "palpable and the familiar" have a capital prosaic expounder in Mr. Prentis, who, though no Hogarth *redivivus*, as his flatterers delighted to hail him on his first appearance, ought still to take a high place among the Kidds, Claters, Websters, &c. Five o'clock P.M. and four o'clock A.M., as they have occurred in the lives of many middle-aged gentlemen, are excellently pourtrayed in the pictures num-

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bered 259 and 271. In the first, the substantial dinner-gown goes forth as neat as superfine broadcloth, silk beaver, and japan blacking can make him. Strong in the sleekness of his fresh toilette, and the placid satisfaction of his anticipations, he can afford to receive tranquilly the monitory farewell of his lady: he is secure of a pleasant evening, and, therefore, not impatient of her cautions. In the second, how sadly changed is the hero! Drooping, tottering, half penitent, half chuckling with the muzzy recollections of the night he has made of it, he slinks across his own threshold with as stealthily a cowardice as if he knew that within sat—

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm—

Conjugal Reproof in a night-wrap, prepared to pay off every weary second she has waited, by a stinging exhortation, or worse, by one of those sobs, whose passive sorrow is so irritating to a tipsy conscience. In this pleasant pair of pictures, the manner in which the moral is unfolded is everything, the painter's manner—a blank. Mr. Prentiss cannot get rid of a cold and finical finish, which makes us like best to meet with him when the engraver is one of the party.

We have nearly done: but must recognize Mr. Zeitzer once again, as excelling in foreign groups and figures. His *Fruit Girl of North Holland* (279) is capital, with the drawback of his blue coldness of colouring, which involves alike his backgrounds and the figures they frame, in an agueish atmosphere, unpleasant to contemplate. We cannot bring ourselves to enumerate one by one certain gorgonic specimens of portraiture—certain acres of costume figures—certain groups of animals—certain desecrations of the Scott novels—certain interiors of foreign cathedrals, and, worst of all, certain miniatures whose quality led to the speculation as to the possibility of there being any perpetrations on ivory among the two hundred rejected pictures! A little conversation piece, called *Ginevra* (108), by Egg, is graceful and charming enough, in its coquettish though well accustomed way, to enable us to close a record of disappointment and weariness with something like a word of hope. The artist must be young, for he is not in the great room; let him carry a little further such knowledge of the graces of form and colour as he here exhibits, and he may take the best places of our best exhibition-room by storm before he be many years older.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ENGLISH VOCAL MUSIC—NEW PUBLICATIONS.

To write about English songs at the present moment is no easy matter, if we would satisfy our own conscience, and content the many who are raising up their voices as loudly as if a school of national music could be built on the empty air of "violent breath." The thing wanted is not readily defined; the model to be chosen not easy to fix upon. For instance, all are agreed as to the supremacy of Purcell as an English composer, and the honour our country derives from his genius. But in what point can Purcell be taken as a model? except for expression,—that connexion of sound with sense, which is common to French, Italian, and German composers? Where the rhythms of Purcell have any peculiarity, it is antiquity: and no song, we are bold to say, written on their pattern, would have any greater merit than such as belongs to a soulless piece of imitation. His divisions are still more conventional, and, therefore, still more obsolete: his harmony, it is true, is "of all time," but it is not upon a system of harmony that a school of song-writers can form itself; and his accompaniments are less deserving of imitation, because the whole science of accompaniment, when he wrote, was only in its dawn. If Purcell, then, be found inadmissible for model,—for the same reasons as would make Corelli a dangerous object of imitation for a quartett composer,—whom are we to accept? Arne? who was one day Scotch, one day Italian; national only by accident, and not on system—Shield? whose simple melodies want symmetry, as much as his *bravuras* are over symmetrical—Dibdin? yet poorer in the balance of his phrases than Shield—Bishop? himself a borrower of Vinci's turns in his "Bid me discourse," and that family of his *bravuras*, and of a Sicilian melody in his "Home, sweet home,"—of Weber's accompaniments and Spohr's complications—borrowings all

the more inexcusable, inasmuch as he has left us more than one such song as "By the simplicity of Venus' doves," to show us what his invention could do when it trusted to itself. We cannot call to mind a single attempt on the part of the young men of England to imitate these English celebrities,—be they ever so eager, on their own showing, to build up the temple begun by their forefathers!

If it be indispensable to our song-writers, by way of establishing their nationality, to return to the simplicity of the mere melodists, Horn's "Cherry Ripe" and "Deep, deep Sea," and Alexander Lee's less elegant ditties, are the most complete modern specimens to which we could point. But the manner of these is scorned by the more aspiring among the composers before us. It is true that in Mr. Balfe's *Churchyard Wall* we have the same phrase of two lines repeated three times, without alteration, in a twelve-line stanza; and in this, were we disposed to be sarcastic, we might say he is English—but no further. In the progression of his melodies and accompaniments, however slight they be, Mr. Balfe has a way with him which clearly acquaints the initiated ear that his training has been foreign, that his sympathies are foreign, that he is considering the garniture of his melody, the piquancy of the *cornet à pistolet* or guitar which is to bear it company, rather than that homely, natural union of sound to sense, distinctive of the English song, in which the speaker should make himself heard as well as the voice! From a heap of flimsy wares before us, the majority of which it is to be hoped are of amateur manufacture, we may single out, as agreeable specimens of the insipid school, Mr. Bianchi Taylor's *I will remember thee*,—Mr. Jackson's *She sighed at his departure*, which is somewhat more carefully written, and Mr. Banfield's *Expiring Snowdrop*, which is own cousin to Mr. Jackson's in aim and in result. We must pass a miscellany by Miss Cokayne, as we ought not severely to deal with those whose adoption of an art, is, in itself, an evidence of refined tastes:—pity that the fruits of private hours should be so unavailingly disclosed to the rude gaze of the public! But we cannot pass sundry productions by Mr. G. Le Jeune, because they exhibit an ingenuity in the selection of words suitable for music, which is really startling—e. g. the first stanza of a glee which he has taken pains to set:—

Child of Genius, hard's thy struggle,
Still pursue thy onward path:
Tho' amidst the world's wild bubble (!)
Fear it not or mind its wrath:
Why should we fail to give sweet praise,
And grudge a grateful voice to raise?
When thou seek'st the approving glance,
How much dost our joys enhance.

Da Capo. Child of Genius, &c.

So much for simplicity! We have now to speak of something of rather higher pretensions. This is a bass aria by Spofforth—*Oft let me wander*—sung, its title tells us, by Mr. Phillips. Why that popular vocalist should go so far back in quest of mediocrity, except from mistaken national predilections, it were hard to explain. The song is not even a favourable example of the class, in which some of our admirable glee writers—Calcott foremost among the company—have tried their hands at orchestral composition. However respectable be the aim of its fabricators, to provide concert songs for English singers, we cannot recall one specimen, from "Angel of Life" down to the manifold "Hohenlindens" or "Burials of Sir John Moore," which our moderns have set cantata-wise,—deserving to maintain its place, save by the exercise of such toleration as is to be afforded to the offerings of the poor. Such a composition is, indeed, more difficult than the *scena* for the stage accompanied with action, inasmuch as it should contain contrasts and harmonies marked enough to represent the progressive events or pictures of the theatre. A mere passage from a contemplative poem, divided into as many movements as suit the breathing powers of the musician, can hardly be made interesting. This work by Spofforth, for instance, is a day-break song, with a *cantabile* in $\frac{3}{4}$, followed by an *allegro con spirto* in common time, both diversified by the smallest possible amount of harmonic changes, and the largest quantity of those formal and insipid divisions, which singers may still like to deliver, but which,—thanks to the march of Taste,—can hardly fail to make their hearers yawn.

As we are now to speak of several compositions more avowedly framed according to foreign patterns than those we have been handling, a preliminary word or two on the most popular models of Germany will not be out of place; occasion being given by the specimens of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Spohr before us. All these masters have one feature in common, a determination to take care of the poet, and let the singer take care of himself. Compared with the canzonet-weavers of Italy, or the tune-spinners of England, they heed little the fascinating ordinance of melody, the avoidance of notes difficult to produce, or that immediate captivation of the ear, independent of the intelligence, the tendency of which in Art is inevitably downwards, towards the sensual or the superficial. They may sometimes carry this disdain of meretricious allurement to the point where integrity is confounded with rudeness: but as a principle of Art, no less than of conduct, it is good. Of course, in all matters of detail, each has his own characteristics. Schubert, though at times, apparently, unsolicitous as to his melodies—*vide* the first bars of his lovely Shakspeare song, "Hark! the Lark,"—always knows how to impart interest and novelty by the exquisite forms of his accompaniments, or by such a quaint, and yet not improbable, turn to the air as he furnishes in the second repetition of the line—

"On chanted flowers that lies,"

and the subsequent modulations leading to the final "Arise!" Even to his "Who is Sylvia?" which is assuredly not the strongest of his songs, a character and purpose are given by the strongly marked figure of the bass, simple though it be. Mendelssohn indulges in a more flowing melody, in a more liberal measure of vocal rhythm, than Schubert. There is a largeness and amplitude in his outlines recalling those of the old school conjoined with a picturesque spirit, neither conceited nor sickly, which belongs to a younger time: he has, moreover, a dramatic power of throwing himself into the national forms of other countries. His "Im Grimen," "O come to the Greenwood!"—translated by Miss De Pontigny, and more happily than a former effort we noticed,—is a fresh and joyous burst of melody, requiring a higher tenor voice to give its commencement full effect, than it will frequently find in this country. Spohr is less known among us as a song-writer than either Schubert or Mendelssohn: and, indeed, he is less successful than either in this capacity. His constant (not to call it obstinate) predilection for the first phrase or form he sets down, which, in more extensive compositions, affords him scope for a great display of ingenuity, can hardly fail to cast the drowsy spell of monotony over a song: then, too, his prevalent harmonies, rich when spread over a large extent, are too apt to become cloying when exhibited on a miniature scale. Illustration to both these remarks presents itself in the two songs *This day is Sunday*, and *Ripping Waters gently swept*, which are before us. In the former, a waltz accompaniment, not peculiarly captivating, is carried on, with its drone-like bass, to such a length that a single bar's pause would be a luxury to the ear—the more so as nothing can be much less interesting than fragmentary phrases allotted to the voice. There is more variety, melody, and pathos in the second song, "Der Bleicherin Nachtlid," a charming specimen of its composer's peculiar talent. It has been elsewhere said, that there is no more possibility to mistake music from the pen of Spohr than a painting from the easel of Vanderwerff.

We cannot wonder that the works of our young countrymen, whose education has been conducted at once more strictly, and with a wider range of study, than that of their forefathers, offer but too evident imitative traces of German training. There is an obvious paucity of home-models of a high class, and they are honourably unwilling to descend to the level of extinct Vauxhall capacity, or of modern Italian inanity. Mr. Macfarren, accordingly, issued two songs, to Shelley's words—one of which, "O World, O Life, O Time!" would hardly, we think, have been conceived in its present form, if Schubert's "Blind Man," and "Wanderer," had not preceded it. We must not say that he has caught the German composer's ungraciousness without the originality which carries it off,—but assuredly there is a parade of modulation and expressive writing calculated to diminish rather than increase our estimation of his resources. Strength

does not attitudinize, nor Sense enforce his precepts (despite of Moore's assertion) by—

Many wise things saying.

Mr. Macfarren's second canzonet *Music when soft voices die*, is just so much more to our liking as it is more simple. To all *mezzo sopranis* who are capable of anything more substantial than a mere tune, it ought to be acceptable. Mr. Clement White's two songs, *Joys, are ye fading all*, and *Hail, gentle flower*, are less ambitious in outline, but are agreeably rescued from commonplace by the management of the accompaniment, which, though it be not new, is still executed in a workman-like fashion, creditable to the author's knowledge as a musician.

Mr. J. W. Davison deserves to take his place among our classical song-writers in virtue of his setting of Keats's *In a drear-nighted December*. His melody falls into the rhythm of the words, without either constraint or prurility: it falls, too, into the spirit of the lyric, and this was more difficult, by its quaint but not languishing pensiveness, which refreshes, while it saddens the ear. The accompaniments, too, seem to preserve a happy mean between what is too trite to be endured, and what is too difficult to be accomplished. His other songs before us possess the same merits, though in a less degree. Mr. Abel's "Better Land" is a caricature of the elaborate German song—a sweet and simple poem, by Mrs. Hemans, garnished with accompaniments well nigh as busy—need we add, not quite so admirable—as those to Schubert's "Erl König." We have purposely reserved one of the best specimens of young English composition, to close this long paragraph. This is Mr. C. Horsley's song from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"—"If music be the food of love." Though the accent of the lines, as spoken, be not here maintained, still the musical idea is so elegant and so well conducted to its close without meagreness or pedantry—that we must commend it heartily. The few bars of *tremolando* accompaniment to "That strain again," might, perhaps, have been reconsidered to its improvement.

We have now only left a second part of the first volume of Mr. J. F. Walmsley's *Sacred Songs*. This we prefer to its predecessor (see *Athenæum* No. 703), though, as in that former case, the composer has had to contend with unmusical and unpoeetic language. Here, too, are three of Mr. G. Ware's arrangements of *Handel's Songs*, with marks for accent, breath, &c. &c. to assist learners. The idea is good: less so the introduced cadences; and every one must object to the subdivision of Handel's bars into $2/4$ time, to facilitate study. To say nothing of the change of effect, rendered inevitable by all such transformations, the singer has only learned half his art, who, to purity of tone and significance of emphasis, does not add steadiness and certainty in measurement of his notes, be the *presto* ever so hurrying, be the *adagio* ever so slow.

It is our intention, when time and opportunity permit, to travel further in company with our young composers, and to offer a word or two touching their instrumental works.

DRURY LANE.—The story of "The Students of Bonn" approaches that of "The Boarding School," inasmuch as both turn on the pranks enacted in a seminary for young ladies, by a parcel of tinder-hearted youths. We may praise the action as lively, the *toilettes* as pretty, and the scenery as good (though the Drury Lane artist should have known better than to moor the Mouse Tower within sight of the University town)—we may add, that Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. C. Jones act capitally: there is high art in the farce of the former; the ease, volubility, and dryness of Déjazet, without Déjazet's effrontry. But these praises summed up, go but a little way towards commendation of this after-piece as an operetta. Where the music begins, our satisfaction stops. The composition is a flimsy mosaic of the commonest property: here we have a scrap of Auber, there of Balfe—the students' glee being a reminiscence of the well-known "Vive le Roi"; nor is there any pattern or clearness of figure in the patch-work, such as a clever appropriator knows how to maintain. The "Students" may probably carry the music along with them—Mrs. C. Jones bearing a double share upon her inimitable broad back—but will never sing their doings into favour with the public.

COVENT GARDEN.—The only proper Easter piece produced this season is "The White Cat" at this theatre, one of the series of nursery legends with which Mr. Planché has amused the town any time these ten years, and which made memorable Madame Vestris's management of the Olympic. The closeness with which the incidents of the fairy tale are followed, and the ingenuity and splendour with which their marvels are represented on the stage, will satisfy the most critical reader of Mother Bunch: while those who only seek holiday entertainment, without regard to the sacredness of the text, will find an abundant source of merriment in the puns and parodies of the rhyming dialogue, and the burlesque acting of the characters. Bland is the great King *Wunuponatyne*, who, as Hood has it, "had reigned so long he thought it time to mizzle." Madame Vestris is *Prince Paragon*, the fortunate one of his three sons who is beloved by the *White Cat*, and enabled by paws to fulfil the impossible conditions which are to entitle her to succeed to the throne of *Neverminditsnamia*, and Miss Marshall is the *White Cat*, as graceful and playful an imitation of one of the feline race as any poor biped could well be. To tell how the hands of invisible attendants usher in the *Prince* to the fairy abode of the *White Cat*, serving in the repast of roasted rat and mouse-pie, how the cat laps the health of her guest in milk, and entertains him with a cat's concert, a ball and a squall, how the wondrous wooden horse transports the *Prince*, in an instant, from her palace, "fifteen thousand miles from everywhere," to his father's court, with her gift of the little dog that will creep through a thumb-ring, and how the *Prince* comes back disconsolate in search of a Princess, whom no one has seen for five years, and is commanded by the *White Cat* to cut off her head and tail to gain his ends, when she appears as a beautiful Princess, would spoil the fun of the piece, and convey no idea of its fanciful devices. Madame Vestris, as *Prince Paragon*, breathes forth her passion for the *White Cat* in a parody of a once popular song, beginning "All round my Cat," and pleasantly ridicules the old-fashioned style of singing Handel's air in a parody of "O! ruddier than the cherry." The other two Princes, the *Chamberlain*, *Court Coincide*, and *Jingo*, the court jester, are all properly personated: and the costumes are right royal in magnificence, and tasteful withal.

HAYMARKET.—The appearances of two or three new performers of no great mark or likelihood, have served to pass the week until the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean—the lady formerly Miss Ellen Tree—on Monday in "Macbeth"; Mr. H. Holl, who enacted *Orlando* on Wednesday, is one of the class of stampers and ranters that use their lungs and limbs much as blacksmiths do their bellows and sledge-hammer, but to a far less useful purpose.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.
On Monday Evening, April 4th, Her Majesty's Servants will perform Shakespeare's Tragedy of MACBETH.—*Macbeth*, Mr. Macready; *Banquo*, Mr. Anderson; *Macduff*, Mr. Phelps; *Rosse*, Mr. Elton; *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Warner; *Herold*, Mr. Phillips;—after which the New Opera, "THE STUDENTS OF BONN,"—*Student*, Mr. Hudspeth; *Professor*, Mr. Allom; *Heidegger*, Mr. J. Reeves; *Miss Stiffen*, Mrs. C. Jones; *Theresia*, Mrs. Keeley; *Marie Labau*, Miss Roma.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, *Macbeth*; *Opera*, of ACIS AND GALATEA, illustrated by Mr. Stanfield, R.A.; after which THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, *Entombed*.
Wednesday and Friday, the New Play of *GIULIUS*.
THE WINDMILL will be repeated during the week.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—March 14.—A communication was made by M. Arago, relative to Encke's comet, which had, he said, been seen, and carefully noted at the Observatory of Paris by two astronomers, MM. Laugier and Mauvais. The observations were made on the 12th instant. The position was carefully compared with that laid down beforehand by Prof. Airy and the German astronomers, and the difference was found not to exceed twenty seconds. The learned Professor added, that the Academy had just received a communication from an astronomer of Marseilles, M. Valz, announcing also some satisfactory observations respecting this comet. One of the principal objects at the Observatory was, said M. Arago, to ascertain the diameter of the comet, an extremely difficult operation, on account of the vast extent of this pale and vaporous body, but one of great interest. M. Valz, having stated that the comet, which returns at short intervals, diminishes in diameter at each return, (this opinion being a

modern version of the hypothesis of Herschel, who stated that comets at each transit lose to a great extent their volatile nature, and become more and more solid,) M. Laugier, in his observation on the 12th inst., concluded that the angular diameter of the comet was one of three minutes, which would give an enormous size to it, considering its immense distance from the earth. After the communication made by M. Arago on this subject, several other scientific communications were announced: one of them was on the warmth imparted to the earth in winter by a covering of snow, and respecting which there has hitherto been much scepticism. M. Arago stated that M. Boussingault had ascertained the truth of the theory beyond the possibility of doubt during the past winter. He found that a thermometer plunged in snow to the depth of a decimetre (about 4 inches) sometimes marked as much as 9 degrees of heat greater than that at the surface. The sitting closed with the reading of a paper from an ecclesiastic, on the state of the air in the upper regions of the atmosphere of the earth. The observations of this gentleman agreed to a great extent with those of Wollaston, and led to some remarks from M. Arago and M. Biot on the extravagant supposition of Poisson, that the upper surface of our atmosphere is liquid. In the course of the conversation on this subject, it was stated that a Danish chemist had ascertained that the air of the North Sea has half per cent. less oxygen than that of the coast, and that Prof. Daniell had indicated the positive existence of sulphurated hydrogen in the air in the latitude of Sierra Leone.

Treasure-trove.—For the last two days some curiosity has been excited in Lambeth, by the discovery of a vast number of gold and silver coins, gold rings, ancient teaspoons, and a vast variety of other relics in the bed of the river opposite the Lollards' Tower of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace. The first discoverers of the buried gold were two lads, of the names of Phelps and Ellis, residing in High-street, Lambeth, who collect coals, old iron, and other things on the shore at low water. On Tuesday morning they raked up a large silver coin. They were too elated to keep what might to them have turned out a very valuable secret, but ran to dispose of their prize, and the discovery soon got wind, and spread in all directions. Other persons now joined in the search, and very soon several gold pieces were dug up, in addition to hundreds of silver coins. The search continued, as long as the tide would permit, with renewed alacrity and increased numbers. It was found when their labours were temporarily stopped that one man had succeeded in obtaining as much as produced him 17*l*. 12*s*; a lad got 5*l*. 2*s*. for his digging, and another 4*l*. 17*s*.; besides hundreds of others who were not so fortunate in the value of what they found, though many had as many as fifty or sixty small silver coins in their possession. Yesterday the work again commenced, and that part of the shore which extends from the pier in front of the wall of the Archbishop's Court-yard and garden had more the appearance of a ploughed field, than the bed of a river. Nearly the first thing that was found was a very curious gold ring, of very ancient workmanship and very richly embossed, and very soon after another one, of apparently the same date, but more elaborate workmanship. The coins were found at intervals, but not in such numbers as on the previous day, and when the earth had been dug out to about a foot, a very old-fashioned spoon was taken out. The tide again put a stop to the search. The coins comprise chiefly those of the reigns of the Edwards, and Henry VIII., some of which are in very fine preservation, and many Spanish.—*The Times*.

New Fowling-piece.—Several journals have, of late, spoken favourably of a new kind of fowling-piece, with five or six barrels, the invention of M. Philippe Mathieu. For ourselves, we chose to suspend our opinion, until a sufficient number of experiments have established the value of the plan. As we are now informed, its success is complete; and fowling-pieces constructed by it, are as light with five barrels, and as easy to handle as the ordinary double-barrelled gun.—*Sentinelle de l'Armée*.

Errata.—P. 251, col. 3, for "Izetta," read *Tzetta*, and for "Iachimus" read *Jochimus*; p. 267, col. 3, 1. 54, for "volume" read *violence*.

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